

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

No. 69.—VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870.

PRICE TEN CENTS.
WITH STEEL ENGRAVING.



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

SNOW AND CHEESE.

A JOLLY party we were that day, April 2, 186-, as we tramped along the road which wound around the foot of the Arlberg Mountains, lying near Innsprück. Our party consisted of five students from Heidelberg, three German, one English, and one (myself) American. We had studied together during the long winter term, and now, with knapsacks upon our backs, and alpenstocks in our hands, were making a walking-tour through some of the mountains of Switzerland. We were bound for the little town, or rather village, of Heitelswach, a few miles from Innsprück, where we intended to pass the night, and on the following day make the ascent of one of the highest peaks in that region. We had just dined at a road-side inn, and now, refreshed and enlivened by the landlord's good beer, were walking rapidly along, making the air ring with the lively notes of our college songs. The road was good, and the air fresh and invigorating, and at about six o'clock that evening we reached our stopping-place for the night—the Gasthaus of Heitelswach.

After an excellent supper, and having engaged our guide for the next day, we sat down to a foaming tankard of beer and our evening pipe, and listened to the stories with which our worthy host was ready and willing to entertain us. He told of chamois-hunts, of the peasant's life upon the Alps, of avalanches, narrow escapes, and lives lost in the furious storms upon the mountains. One of his anecdotes interested us greatly.

"About five months ago," he said, "a stranger spent the night here, and the next morning ascended the mountain with his guide; a snow-storm arose—he was separated from the guide, who searched for him a long time in vain. Then there came down a tremendous avalanche, and the guide and a few peasants who were living upon the Alps barely escaped with their lives. The stranger was never seen again." Then lowering his voice, and assuming a mysterious air, he added:

"It was a very strange thing, and it is not safe to talk about him."

"Not safe! and why not?" we asked in astonishment.

"Ah," he replied, "there was something very mysterious about him; he spoke but very little—he was dressed all in black, and called himself doctor—and then the sudden storm—he vanishes—and the avalanche!"

"Who, then, do you think he was?" said I.

"Hush!" he answered, crossing himself; "speak not so loud;" then, crossing himself again, he whispered softly, "*Doctor Faustus!*"

The three Germans smoked on in thoughtful silence; and I was about to make some more inquiries into the matter—but Tom Robinson, who had no taste for the supernatural, stood up, glass in hand, and broke the silence with—

"Then, boys, let's drink to the health of Doctor Faustus, and go to bed. The more we sleep to-night, the better we shall climb to-morrow."

After this, we retired in good order.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, we started off in high spirits on our way up the mountain, laughing and chatting together, and occasionally halting in silent admiration of the magnificent panoramas which were brought to view as we ascended from one cliff to another. About noon we had reached a very considerable height, and, after passing through a grove of firs, came in sight of a scene of devastation just above us. It was the remains of an avalanche, a vast snow-slide, which had come thundering down from the peak above, and now lay as if resting from its tremendous leap and gathering fresh power. Yet still the huge mass seemed threatening another rush from the top of the cliff on which it lay, over a precipice a short distance below, and to the edge of which it extended. We stood watching it for some time, almost expecting to see the pile move before our eyes, and hurl itself into the abyss hundreds of feet deep. Our guide informed us that it would be unsafe to attempt to cross over it, or even to approach very near; that this was the avalanche of which our host had told us the night before. It had come down from above and lodged here; the snows of the past winter had been gradually increasing its weight, and now the weather had become so warm that it might at any moment slide over the cliff. We therefore sat down where we were, unloaded our provisions from the knapsacks, and proceeded to lunch; for which meal our morning's climb had given us a most excellent preparation. After lunch, in spite of the

remonstrances of the guide, we resolved to go on as near as possible to the fallen avalanche—and so forward we marched, the guide bringing up the rear. We had advanced so far that we stood close by the side of the snow-white pile, when the guide shouted in a voice of horror: "*Back! back! it is moving!*"

Round we wheeled, and double-quick dashed away from our perilous station, leaping from rock to rock, tumbling down, rolling and sliding down to escape the threatened rush, until at length we gained our former stopping-place; and then with panting breath we turned about to witness the following spectacle:

Over the edge of the cliff were tumbling great lumps of snow, and slowly following them came the heap behind. Faster and faster it moved, and the cliff was now hidden by the cloud of snow, which broke into pieces at its edge and angrily dashed itself over into the abyss. At length its velocity became tremendous, and awe-struck we stood speechlessly gazing upon the terrific scene. Huge masses of snow were hurled into the air—the tall firs were snapped in two, and went whirling along in the general chaos amid a noise which reverberated among the cliffs like the mingling of a thousand thunder-storms. Our senses were confused—we became unconscious of the lapse of time, and, when the whole was over, we could hardly form an idea of how long the phenomenon had lasted. The noise gradually subsided; while now and then a boom down in the valley announced that pieces were still falling. But after a while silence reigned again, and we began to recover our scattered senses, and to notice the wonderful change before us. Where lay that monster but a little while before was now a nearly level field of broken snow, trunks of broken trees here and there protruding, and bowlders which had resisted the power of the avalanche. A considerable distance off, at that part of the avalanche which had been the last to move, we noticed something which appeared like the ruins of a building. As it was now perfectly safe to advance, we went toward this spot—and, on reaching it, there sure enough we found a broken-down chalet. It was a small building, although very stoutly built, and had probably been used by the chamois-hunters as a sleeping-place. A large rock stood just behind it, over which the avalanche of the year before had passed, completely burying the hut. That it was not carried along by the snow this time was due to its situation. Had it been fifty yards farther down the slope, it must have been torn up and its shattered beams hurled over the precipice; but as it was, the snow had slid away and left it standing. The roof was stove in, and the upright beams forced apart in various directions, and snow was piled in heaps around it, completely blocking up the door-way. Of course we were filled with curiosity as to what might be inside, and we waded around it, endeavoring to obtain a view of the interior. One at length succeeded in mounting to the top of a snow-bank, and peeped in through a rift in the side of the building.

"Any thing there?" we asked.

He turned without speaking, his face pale and full of horror, and came staggering down to where we were standing.

"What is it?" we anxiously inquired.

"*A corpse,*" he whispered, "is sitting there!"

For a moment or two we stood speechless, with a kind of awe at the thought of that lonely prisoner dying there without a human being near to hear his call for help, and now so wonderfully exhumed in our presence by the mighty power of Nature. But then, Tom, who was a medical student, and inured to the companionship of the dead, roused us by a proposal to clear the snow from the door-way and get inside. After the first shock had passed away we agreed to his proposition, and eagerly set to work with sticks and hands to get away enough snow to allow us a passage; it was a long and tedious labor, but was at length accomplished, and the entrance stood partly open. With an indefinable sense of horror we entered the hut, Tom taking the lead. And there, sitting upon a stool, the head bent down and resting upon an oaken table, was a dead body, dressed in a suit of black clothes. It was but very little decayed, and the features were perfectly distinguishable—so much so that when the guide looked upon them, he cried out, "*Mein Gott! come away! the doctor!*" But we immediately began to make preparations for removing the body, and while doing so made several discoveries. There was in one corner about a quarter of a large Swiss cheese—in the fireplace the remains of a small fire—upon the table was an old oil lantern, and I perceived under the table a note-book and the stump of a lead pencil. This book I instantly took possession of, in hope of finding therein some

particulars about the man; but there was no time to read it then, as evening was rapidly coming on. We made a rough bier of boughs, and, placing the body upon it, descended the mountain. On reaching the village the unusual sight attracted every one, and we were soon followed by a procession of men and boys—all, however, keeping silence and behaving with due decorum. We entered the Gasthaus, shutting out our numerous followers, and deposited our lifeless burden in one of the private rooms.

Mine host was greatly astonished and shocked to hear our account. He had been thinking the matter over all the winter, and had come to a firm conviction that the man had been something more than mortal, and had vanished that day with a grand crash of the elements, and in a flash of snow instead of fire. The real fact gave a too sad ending to his mysterious tale. He sent for the chief men of the village to come that evening and form a sort of coroner's jury, smoke a pipe, and talk the matter over. Before they arrived, I took the first opportunity to examine in private the note-book I had found. It was written in English, the first part of the book containing scientific notes, and the rest being a diary, of which more anon.

After supper the magistrates and some of the most prominent burghers assembled in the public room; the doors were closed, and our party called in to tell our story. After the others had spoken, I came forward and produced the book, stating where I had found it. Every one was filled with curiosity, and amid deep silence I translated to them, as well as I could, the contents, which were as follows:

"OCTOBER 31, 186.—*Buried alive!* It is now two days, by my watch, that I have been entombed under the snow. I have now become so resigned to my situation that I can sit down and calmly note in my diary what has taken place, in hopes that if I die here before I can be rescued there may at some time be found this record of who I am and how I died. My name is Peter Fairlie; I was born in Edinburgh, and am doctor of medicine. I have always taken a great interest in science; a month ago I came to this country, to make a tour through the Alps, in search of mineral and botanical curiosities. Day before yesterday I ascended this mountain, accompanied by a guide. After we had lunched, I wandered about, looking for curiosities, and seeing at a distance a rock with a very strange bush growing upon the top of it, I walked toward it. It was then snowing; and the flakes fell faster and faster, until I thought I had better return to the guide. I could not see him, but ran in the direction in which I thought I had left him. After running some distance I stopped and shouted, but no reply; I had evidently lost my way; and now the snow was coming furiously down, the wind driving it in my face and eyes. I ran about, for a long time, quite confused, but could not find him, nor hear his voice. I suppose he must have been doing the same in search of me, and that we had gone farther and farther from each other. I hope the poor fellow has escaped my fate. After blindly wandering about for a considerable time, I came near a small building standing under the lee of a large rock. Toward this I hastened, and, as I approached it, I saw dimly through the drifting snow the figures of two men running at full speed down the mountain. Just then there came a noise of thunder, and, looking up, I beheld an avalanche tearing down toward me. In my terror I dashed into the hut, when, with a crash which shook every beam and partly stove in the roof, the avalanche passed over it, and I was in total darkness. After recovering from my first shock, I endeavored in every possible way to get out, but in vain; snow is on every side and above me, through which I can make no progress. Several times I have been nearly smothered, and now have given up the attempt, and resigned myself to my fate. Perhaps, when I am missed, the villagers may come up and dig me out—no, that is hopeless—they know not where I am. At all events, I hope that, if I die here, I can meet death as a Christian should. I leave no wife nor family to mourn for me, and am only sad to think of dying without having accomplished any great work. Still, let me see what hope of life I have, and take an inventory of my resources. I have found an old lantern, luckily filled with oil, by the dim light of which I now write. This I must use sparingly, for several reasons, viz.: I may by the combustion reduce the supply of oxygen, which is so precious to me here; I must not waste my oil; I must not increase my supply of carbonic acid by the flame. I will, therefore, live in the dark, except when I wish to write. I have found a large Swiss cheese, the only article of food in the hut.

Can I support life with this? Let me see. Caseine chiefly, some albumen, oily particles, etc.—all digestible. Water I can get from the snow. Well, I must make the experiment, and I will note my symptoms; then, if I die, and this record should ever be found, I shall have achieved something in giving to the profession the physiological action of cheese as an exclusive diet. I cannot distinguish night from day; my only method is to count the hours by my watch. Happily it is a good one, and not likely to stop. Now I will put out my lantern, and make my bed upon the floor, with my cloak for a coverlet. I have supped off the cheese, and like it.

"NOVEMBER 1st.—I have had a good sleep. It is not cold here, as one would imagine; I do not suffer in the least. Neither do I suffer for want of air, as I had expected. It must be that the air permeates between the particles of snow in sufficient quantity to keep me alive. Made my breakfast of cheese this morning, and enjoyed it. It seems to be easily digested. I am getting so used to the darkness, that I can perceive the outlines of every thing about me. I wonder if I could not make a tunnel through the snow, gradually ascending until I reach the surface. That would be digging a hole, beginning at the bottom—a feat I have never yet known to be accomplished. I will try it, however, and it will give me occupation.

"Four o'clock, P. M.—Have made my dinner off a large slice of cheese. It is really a very good article of diet. Have been digging my tunnel and carrying the snow into the house. I commenced at the door, and have proceeded but a few feet. It is a slow process, as my shovel consists of a piece of bark torn from the wall of the hut. I mean the tunnel to be about four feet square; but how far I can get with it is a question, as I am puzzled about the refuse snow. Find I can tread down a good deal of it, so as to reduce the mass beneath. Must leave off writing now, as I am suffering from a sick headache, probably due to my hearty dinner.

"NOVEMBER 3d.—This is the fifth day of my imprisonment. My appetite seems to be unimpaired; on the contrary, rather increased, but I am beginning to lose my digestive powers. I already dislike the cheese, and suffer a good deal from sick headache and palpitation of the heart. My tunnel is now about fifteen feet in length, and I have begun to make it ascend. Find I can displace the snow beneath by striking my feet down forcibly; then I fill up the holes with snow from above. It is horribly slow work, and the ascent has to be so gradual that I fear I shall never accomplish it. Still it gives me exercise and occupation, which relieve somewhat this awful loneliness.

"SIXTH DAY.—Have just managed to worry down a slice of cheese for breakfast. Am still hungry, and feel rather weak. I fear my hard work and privations are beginning to tell upon me.

"Four, P. M.—Had to give up work in the tunnel for to-day, as my strength has given out. Have only made about four feet more in length and one in ascent. Am getting discouraged. Am still hungry, although I feel full of this detestable cheese. Can feel that I am fast losing flesh as well as strength.

"SEVENTH DAY.—To-day, at the risk of suffocating myself with smoke, I made a little pile of chips cut from the walls and table, lighted them with my flint and steel, and toasted some cheese. The fire did not burn very well, and I soon had to extinguish it; but I contrived to toast a slice. It was smoky, and not very palatable, but still was a sort of variety, and I could eat it. It is all I have eaten to-day, and I am weak, tired, and hungry, to say nothing of heart-burn and headache. Had only strength to work about an hour in the tunnel. If I thought that I was near the surface, I would try to struggle upward and reach it or perish.

"NINTH DAY.—Yesterday made a furious attempt to dig my way upward, casting the snow behind me; but all in vain; after an hour's struggle I fell back, fainting, into the snow beneath, and the result is that I have still more to do in clearing and tramping down the *débris*. I thought at one time of lying there until death overtook me; but the love of life at length prevailed, and I crawled back here. Am resolved not to give up until absolutely overcome. The cheese has become loathsome to me; I was nauseated this morning when I attempted to eat it. Have eaten nothing to-day, and but a small piece yesterday. With the darkness, the solitude, bad air, and poor nourishment, I am fast wearing away. Could not sleep last night except by snatches, and was continually waking with horrid dreams. It was near morning when, during a short nap, I seemed to myself to wake and go to my tunnel to work. Then I heard voices above me, and I shouted and struggled. I was answered, and heard them digging down to

meet me. I struggled harder and harder, and at length was seized and dragged up into the open air. Just as I was giving vent to my feelings by a loud 'huzza!' I again woke to darkness and solitude in this worse than prison. The revulsion was so great that I burst into tears and wept like a child, and it was a long time before I could command myself. I wish there were some living thing with me, if it were only a fly or spider; but, alas! I am not so fortunate. I pray aloud, repeat texts from the Bible, and endeavor to maintain a calm and Christian spirit.

"ELEVENTH DAY.—Suffered horribly from hunger yesterday, but could not touch the cheese. To-day, in my agony, made a desperate attempt, and worried down a considerable quantity. It does not satisfy my hunger; it is not digested, but lies in my stomach like a stone. My headache is so severe that I can only write a little at a time. Am too weak to work any more.

"THIRTEENTH DAY.—Remember but little of yesterday. Think I must have been delirious. My head feels very light, and I write with difficulty. Do not sleep, but frequently faint away.

"FOURTEENTH DAY.—I cannot live much longer. Too weak to write." (Here the writing became almost illegible and fragmentary.) "Last will—test—Pet—McPherson—attorney—Edin. Am—very—dizzy—"

Here the writing stopped. The listeners drew a long breath, and for a few moments not a word was spoken, as we sat wondering over the strange fate of him whose earthly remains were lying in the next room. Tom, who had been taking notes during the reading, was the first to break the silence.

"This account," said he, "would be of great interest to a physiologist. I have come to the conclusion that a healthy man, under good hygienic surroundings, might maintain his existence for twenty days or more upon cheese alone, since this man, in close confinement, and in want of light and fresh air, has by his record lived nearly fourteen days. How in the world he could have lived so long under the circumstances is a wonder."

"Ah," said my host, meditatively, while filling his pipe, "but he was a Scotchman!"

On the following day the funeral took place, and we deposited the remains in the public tomb until notice could be given to the attorney whose name was mentioned in the diary. After we had each taken a copy of the manuscript, we placed it among the archives of the village, where it still is preserved as a curiosity, and where any inquisitive traveller may obtain access to it to this day.

A VISIT TO HENRI ROCHEFORT.*

FROM "DIE GARTENLAUBE."

ON the evening of the same day that I paid my first visit to the exile of Cayenne, the brave Delescluze, I again entered the gloomy house, Number 9 Aboukir Street, for the purpose of visiting Henri Rochefort, the editor of the *Marseillaise*. As the *Marseillaise* is printed at night, Rochefort used to come to the office of the paper between nine and ten each evening, and work there till midnight. Friend Seinguerlet, the editor of the *Avenir National*, had several days before written to his colleague of the *Marseillaise* that I was desirous of coming to see him.

It was nearly ten o'clock. The house in Aboukir Street was wrapped in profound darkness. Light could no longer be seen anywhere in the first three stories; but all the windows of the fourth story were lit up brightly. On this floor were the editorial and business rooms of the youngest and most widely-circulated republican paper of Paris. In January there were thirty thousand subscribers to the *Marseillaise*, while the number of copies that were sold in the streets was as great again, at the least, frequently rising to fifty thousand. On eventful days from one to three francs were often paid on the boulevards for a single number. The editors of the *Marseillaise* share the profits arising from the paper equally among them, in true republican style, and the monthly income of each editor often rises, according to the number of copies sold in the streets (the number of

subscribers being definite), from fifteen to twenty-five hundred francs. Hence the assertion, that the chief editor makes the paper a source of money to himself, turns out to be, like a good many more such assertions, a miserable and utterly unfounded slander. Rochefort does not get a larger salary from the *Marseillaise* than any one of the assistant editors.

The lower half of the stone winding stair, which leads from the ground-floor to the upper stories, was but sparingly lighted with gas, as also were the passages on the first and second floors. The house, so very animated during the day, seemed dead. Not till I reached the fourth story did I find light, life, and motion. The anteroom of the *Marseillaise* office was crowded with people; every chair, every seat upon the benches, was occupied; and many were standing around a secretary, sitting at a small table, who received from them advertisements for the next issue of the paper. The walls were decorated with several pictures of the unfortunate Victor Noir, so wantonly shot a few days before by Pierre Bonaparte at Auteuil, among them Gille's well-known picture, representing the murdered man after death, with the bleeding wound in his breast. I handed my card to the secretary, requesting him to announce me to the chief editor of the *Marseillaise*. He ordered a chair to be brought for me from an adjoining room, and gave the card to the office-servant, a workman in the historic blue blouse. After the lapse of a few minutes, the latter returned with the following words: "Citizen Rochefort greatly regrets not being able to receive you to-day, citizen. He is just engaged upon the leading article for to-morrow's paper, which must go to press in an hour. But he bids me say that, if you will be kind enough to call to-morrow evening at the same time, your visit will be highly welcome." Every editor knows of what importance the editorial is for which the printers are waiting. I directed the servant to tell "citizen Rochefort" that I would repeat my visit to the office the next evening at ten o'clock, and again descended the gloomy stone winding stair to the street, taking a stroll through the boulevards before returning home.

Ten o'clock, the next evening, found me punctually at the *Marseillaise* office. The anteroom presented quite the same appearance as on the preceding evening. The secretary conducted me into a room, fronting upon the street, and requested me to wait a few minutes, saying that there was a visitor in the chief editor's cabinet who would leave presently, and that he would announce me. In this room, also, the walls were hung with several pictures of Victor Noir, besides a large oil-painting. It represented the storming of the barricade in the faubourg St. Antoine, where the brave deputy Baudin, on the 3d of December, died a martyr to liberty and the republic. "This first barricade of December," says Eugene Tenot, in his celebrated work on the *coup d'état*, "wetted by the blood of the deputy Baudin, has remained one of the saddest, but withal one of the proudest, recollections of the Republican party." I was still engaged in contemplating the picture, when the door opened behind me, and, on turning round, Rochefort appeared at the threshold of his room, and requested me to enter.

All the pictures of Rochefort that I saw in Germany have the same expression of countenance. The expression is grim, the eyebrows are contracted, and the eyes dart forth a piercing look from beneath these contracted brows. I had seen Rochefort several times in Auteuil, in the Chamber, and in the street, without ever remarking this look. On the evening of my visit at the office of the *Marseillaise*, however, his features, at the moment when he stood upon the threshold of his room, had indeed this dark and any thing but agreeable type. But this expression disappeared instantly when he saluted me with a few friendly words; the cloud upon his brow and the piercing look of the eyes had yielded to an exceedingly sympathetic and winning expression. Rochefort's head and physiognomy have the type of southern France. Such heads are met with in Provence, in Certe, in Arles, in Marseilles. Rich black hair, combed upward, shades a high forehead; a little black mustache covers the finely-cut upper lip, below a not large, well-shaped nose, and the round chin is covered by a short *Henri-quatre*; the eyes are dark and fiery. At times a tinge of melancholy or sadness overspreads those noble features, which grow animated during conversation, and then gives them an appearance of physical suffering. Rochefort's figure is tall, slender, not to say thin; his voice is sonorous, with a winning, pleasant sound; and both figure and manner unmistakably indicate the high-born French *seigneur*.

* The accompanying remarks upon Rochefort's life and character have, perhaps, a special claim upon the reader's interest, because coming from one of the agitator's personal friends.

"Citizen Rochefort," said I, after he had offered his hand to me in welcome, "I admire your courage and talent. You were the first to open the campaign against Bonaparte and the empire. Your manner of attacking the empire was the most correct and the most destructive. I am happy to make your acquaintance—"

"Tell me," Rochefort interrupted me, and a cloud crossed those fine, noble features, and the eyes for a moment reassumed the piercing expression of which I have spoken above, "does the German press also overwhelm me with base, disgusting slanders, as the Bonapartist papers do here?"

"This is, indeed, the case; but the sympathies of all the Radicals and Republicans in Germany are with you, and of these I believe I may venture to assure you."

The dark cloud passed away from Rochefort's features; his eye lost the discomfiting look. "Come," said he, pushing a chair by the grate-fire for me, "let us sit down. It gives me pleasure to make the acquaintance of a co-worker in the cause of liberty from Germany."

Our conversation, of course, immediately turned to the state of French affairs. But a few days had gone by since the burial of poor Victor Noir. I spoke of the demonstration at Auteuil. "Do you comprehend Flourens?" I asked. "What a terrible misfortune would have resulted, had those two hundred thousand people marched to Paris with the body!"

"Flourens is of a very enthusiastic character. In his exaltation he did not reflect upon the consequences of such an act. It was I who would have been answerable for it. The lives of thousands were in danger."

He then spoke of the wrongs committed by the empire, its supporters, and accomplices, and of Ollivier. Rochefort expressed himself with the same bitterness as Delescluze had done some days before. I then questioned Rochefort also concerning the plan which the Republican party had determined upon for their campaign. He developed it to me in precisely the same manner as the chief editor of the *Réveil*, and expressly repeated a number of times: "It is now our duty to do every thing in our power to prevent every bloody collision in Paris; the victory of the republic is beyond a doubt, and we require nothing but time to gain it." The views which Rochefort here expressed to me will, I believe, convince every one that the revolutionary scenes in Belleville and the *Quartier du Temple*, succeeding his arrest in the *Rue de Flandre*, were solely the natural consequences of the excitement prevailing in Paris and fanned by Pietri's police, and by no manner of means owed their origin to the Republicans, being, on the contrary, diametrically opposed to their principles. If it had at all been the design of the Republicans to cause a revolutionary uprising in Paris against the empire about the beginning of February, Delescluze as well as Rochefort would have made no secret whatever of it to me. I designedly touched several times upon this point in the course of my conversations, but both in the most emphatic manner disclaimed any such intention. I also spoke that evening with Rochefort of the contingency of Louis Bonaparte's sudden death, and must say that Rochefort calculates with certainty upon this event.

During my stay at Paris, I promised Rochefort to face his slanderers and enemies in the German press with an exposure of the truth after my return to Germany. No falsehood so vile, no slander so malignant, no gossip so silly, that they have not attempted to get up and spread against this man, to whom the illustrious exile of Jersey recently wrote almost the identical words in which I expressed my sympathy to him at Paris: "I admire your courage, your talent, and your character." In all these calumnies and base aspersions, culminating in the assertion that Rochefort is a disguised Legitimist or Orléanist, working in the interests of a restoration of the monarchy; that he is a *mauvais sujet*, an adventurer, lacking all talent and character as a man; that he was formerly in the employ of the Bonapartists, there is not as much as a solitary word of truth. All this vilification can be traced back to a few scurrilous brochures which some venal Bonapartist writers were, by command of the Government, obliged to disseminate among the people of Paris, in order to lower the editor of the *Lanterne* in the respect of the world, after the persecutions to which he had been subjected by the courts and the police had proved of no avail, and had served only to increase the immense circulation of the *Lanterne* tenfold. It will, perhaps, be remembered that on one occasion Rochefort, carried away by passion, struck to the ground the printer of one of these anonymous publications. If, in

Paris, you serve up these flat slanders to any one now, you will be laughed at. On my inquiring at the *chargé d'affaires* of a great European power concerning Rochefort's character and the value to be attached to these absurdities, he replied, in quite an angry tone: "All these things are perfectly absurd! Every one of us here knew the man. He held some petty office under the municipal government. Rochefort is a man of honor and character. No one can speak ill of him."

I shall now briefly give a short descriptive sketch of Rochefort. It is the result of the information which I obtained regarding him from his colleagues of the press, from respectable merchants, who do not share the extreme political views, or adopt the means, of the celebrated editor of the *Marceillais*, preferring, as they do, to reach the overthrow of the empire by a quiet road, and from two diplomatists accredited in Paris.

COUNT VICTOR HENRI ROCHEFORT DE LUCAY—this is Rochefort's whole name and title—is sprung from an ancient and noble French family. His father having been ruined by reverses and unsuccessful speculations, the son had, at an early age, been obliged to think of earning a livelihood by his own hands. His youth was hard and severe, full of privations and work; he taught, and, in addition, discharged the duties of a very modest little office in the Paris city-hall, from which he drew a salary of twelve hundred francs per annum. That Henri Rochefort wasted his youth in *estaminets* and wine-houses, is a scandalous falsehood. Until his twenty-seventh year, M. Vermorel told me, Rochefort never put his foot into an *estaminet*. An aged mother was dependent upon his scanty earnings for support, and he could not permit the little he had to be lessened by expenses of this kind. Rochefort is at present in his thirty-fifth year, having been born on the 29th of July, 1835. The income derived from teaching and from the little post as copying-clerk in the *bureau de brevets* of the Paris city-hall was inadequate to supply his most necessary wants, and Rochefort was forced to think of some other means of support. As he has a talent for the drama, he wrote several vaudevilles, and articles on the stage, for *La Presse théâtrale*; they were successful, and in the year 1859 he became one of the editors of the *Charivari*. In the year 1860, Scholl established *Le Nain jaune*, in opposition to the *Figaro*. Rochefort was intrusted by him with writing the weekly summary for the new paper, and he soon attracted such notice by these summaries that Millaud, on establishing *Le Soleil*, engaged him at fifteen hundred francs per month for his new paper. Subsequently he entered the editorial staff of the *Figaro*. As co-editor of the *Soleil* and the *Figaro*, Rochefort achieved brilliant successes. But never did Rochefort—and for this he is entitled to particular praise—join in the unprincipled and frivolous tone of *La petite Presse* during this period of his journalistic activity; even in his lightest and most unimportant articles might always be seen his aim of avenging the triple cause of justice, liberty, and morality, upon the unprincipled and frivolous Bonapartist régime. Let those who would convince themselves of this look through the three volumes of his writings: "*La grande Bohème*," "*Les Français de la Décadence*," and "*Les Signes du Temps*," in which he has collected the articles contributed by him to *La petite Presse*. From the very beginning of his literary career he has pursued the path I have just pointed out, has never deviated from it, and by this path he reached *La Lanterne*, with which he opened his campaign against the Bonapartist government with unprecedented triumphs. And the government very well knew his independence, his incorruptibility, and his character. One day the proprietor of the *Figaro* was sent for, and the alternative was left him between having his paper suppressed and dismissing Rochefort from the editorial staff. Rochefort left, and established his *Lanterne*. The first number made its appearance in June, 1868. Everybody knows with what unparalleled success this sheet met. Unrelentingly, unsparingly, did it attack persons and affairs, loading them with the bitterest sarcasms; in every number he emptied a full quiver of sharp-pointed arrows, and every arrow hit its mark and remained sticking in the enemy's breast, while with every fresh line Rochefort wrote he placed his hand anew upon the bleeding wound.

The *Lanterne* broke the tomb-like silence that, ever since the 16th of February, 1852, had been weighing down the public voice in France. Rochefort publicly expressed what everybody had been thinking for sixteen years. He became "the avenger of the conscience" of the French people, whose ears the government of the 2d of December had been with impunity boxing for sixteen years. Thus Henri Rochefort became the man of the situation, and when he was overpowered

and fled to Belgium, he was followed by the sympathies of all right-minded men in France, of all friends of truth, liberty, and justice. At that time the public conscience was his support; to-day he is upheld by the current of the revolutionary movement, which would have nothing more to do with the empire, but desires to restore the republic under all circumstances. Rochefort is the most expressive, the most striking type of "Irreconcilables;" the language of the *Marseillaise* is the language of the first election district of Paris, which has chosen him its deputy. Whoever is disposed to find fault with this language, has either forgotten the past seventeen years of empire in France, or has never known them. Let him turn to Louis Bonaparte's record, and to those of the men of the December *coup d'état*; let him count the hundred thousands that have fallen upon the barricades, in Mexico, in the Crimea, in Cayenne—victims to the empire; let him hear the Parisians describe the characters of the chief dignitaries of the empire, from Morny to Bazaine and Pietri—and I am convinced that, if he has given but fourteen days to an earnest reading and conversing upon the subject, he will say the same thing to the brave Rochefort that I said to him on my first visit to the gloomy house in Aboukir Street.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNINGS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.—BEN.

THE first who arrived of the family party was the eldest son. It was on the 15th of September that Ben came home. The day appointed for reading the will was a week later, and none of the others had arrived when Ben's letter came announcing his return for the next morning. Fortunately the "boys'" rooms were quite ready, and the house was so wound up to the height of excitement, that the first actual arrival was a godsend. The flutter and commotion of that day were indescribable. As for poor Mary she did not know what she was about. It was cruel on her that he should come alone—that there should be nobody to break their inevitable *tête-à-tête* at breakfast and during the hours when Mrs. Renton would certainly be invisible. Busy as she was, looking after every thing, she found time for a hurried note to Laurie, telling him of his brother's coming. "He has been so long away that I feel as if it was a stranger who was coming," Mary wrote, in a panic quite unlike her usual character; "do come at once and help me to entertain him." "Help you to entertain Ben!" was Laurie's reply, with ever so many notes of interrogation. Perhaps the helplessness and fright which were visible in this demand threw some light to Laurie upon the state of affairs, but he either could not or would not help her in her trouble; and with a heart which beat very loudly in her breast, but with an outward aspect of the most elaborate quietness and composure, Mary stood on the lawn in the September sunset watching for the dog-cart to come from the station. The ladies from The Willows had been calling that very morning, and of course had heard what was going to happen, and a glance had passed between the mother and daughter when Mrs. Renton had hoped she would see a great deal of them while the boys were at home. "I should think Mr. Renton must have forgotten us," Millicent had said, with a little pathos. Mary took very little part in all this, but noted every thing, the most vigilant and clear-sighted of critics. It made her heart ache to look at that beautiful face. Was it possible that those blue eyes which looked so lustrous, and the smiling lips that were so sweet, could obliterate in Ben's mind all sense of falsehood and treachery? And, indeed, Mary only took the treachery for granted. Perhaps there had been nothing of the kind; perhaps he was coming without any grievance against her to fall into this siren's snares. How cunning it was of her to post herself there, on the edge of the river, where the "boys'" boats would be passing continually, and where they could not escape her! And how deep-rooted the plan must have been which preserved the date for seven years, and made Millicent aware exactly when her victim was coming home! Mary's thoughts were severe and uncompromising. She could not think of any possible tie between Millicent and her cousin but that of enchantress and victim. She did not know how good the adventuress had resolved to be if at last this last scheme of all should be successful; nor what a weary

life of failure, and disappointment, and self-disgust poor Millicent had gone through. Mary could not have believed in any extenuating circumstances. There could be no trace of womanly or natural feeling in the creature who thus came, visibly without the shadow of a pretext, to lie in wait for Ben.

She thought her heart would have stopped beating when the dog-cart dashed in at the gates. But her outward aspect was one of such fixed composure that Ben, as he made a spring out of it, almost without leaving the horse time to stop, and caught his cousin precipitately in his arms, felt as if he had committed a social sin in his sudden kiss. "I am sure I beg your pardon, Mary," he cried, half laughing, half horrified. "I forgot I had been away so long, and you had grown out of acquaintance with me; but still you need not look so shocked."

"I am not shocked," said Mary, who had scarcely voice enough to speak; "it is only the surprise; and, good Heavens, what a beard!"

"Well, yes, it is an alarming article, I suppose," said Ben, looking down with complacency upon one of those natural ornaments which men prize so much. It was an altogether new decoration. And it seemed to Mary that he had grown even taller while he had been away, so changed was the development of the mature man—brown, bearded, and powerful—from that of Ben, the young man of fashion, who had been as dainty in all his ways as herself. His frame had broadened, expanded, and acquired that air of activity and force which only occupation gives. His eye had no languor in it, but was full of active observation and thought. The change was so great that it took away her breath, and after the second glance Mary was not quite sure that it was so very satisfactory. He was more like the Rentons than he had been—his lip curled a little at the corner, as if it might sneer on occasion. His manner had grown a little peremptory. "Where is my mother?" he said immediately, without giving even a spare moment to look again at the companion of his childhood; "in her own room?"

"Yes, she is waiting for you," said Mary. And he went off from her without another word. Of course it was very right he should do so, after an absence of six years and a half, and very nice of him to be so anxious to see his mother. But yet—Mary went in after him, in two or three minutes, feeling somehow as if she had fallen from an unspeakable height of expectation; though she had not expected anything in reality, and Ben had been very kind, very frank and cordial, and cousinly. What a fool she was! And while she could hear the unusual roll of the man's voice in Mrs. Renton's room, running on in perpetual volleys of sound, Mary, in the silence of her own, sat down and cried—folly for which she could have killed herself. Of course, his first hour belonged to his mother. And what did she, Mary, want of him but his kindly regard, and—esteem—and—respect! Respect was what a man would naturally give—if she did not betray herself, and show how little she was deserving of it—to a woman of her years. Seven-and-twenty! To be sure Ben was nearly five years older; but that does not count in a man. Moved by these thoughts, Mary went to the extreme of voluntary humility and dressed herself in one of her soberest dresses for dinner. "I laid out the pink, ma'am, as Mr. Ben has come home," said her maid. "No, the gray," said Mary, obstinately. He should see at least that there was no affection of juvenility about her—that she fully acknowledged and understood her position as—almost—middle-aged. Poor Mary was considered a very sensible girl by all her friends, and she thought to herself, while committing this piece of folly, that she would justify their opinion. Sense as her grand quality—and esteem and respect as the mild emotions which she might hope to inspire—such were the reflections that passed through Mary Westbury's mind as she put on her gray gown.

"It don't look so bad, Miss Mary, after all," said her maid encouragingly, as she gave the last twitch to the skirt. And certainly it did not look bad. The sensible young woman who wished her cousin Ben to respect her, had a little rose-flush going and coming on her cheeks, and a lucid gleam of emotion in her eyes which might have justified a more marked sentiment. Her hand was a little tremulous, her voice apt—if the expression is permissible—to go into chords, the keys of half a dozen different feelings being struck at the same moment, and producing, if a little incoherence, at the same time a curious multiplicity of tone. The dining-room had more lights than usual, but still was not bright; and when Ben came in with his

mother on his arm, he protested instantly against the great desert of a table, which, in deference to old custom, was always spread in the long-deserted place.

"I can't have you half a mile off," he said. "You must sit by me here, mamma, and you here, Mary. That is better. We are not supposed to be on our best behavior, I hope, the very day I come home."

"Why, this is very nice," said Mrs. Renton, as she sipped her soup at her son's right hand, and stopped from time to time to look at him. "And one does not feel as if one had any responsibility. I think I shall keep this seat, my dear; it will be like dining out without any of the trouble. And then, Ben, I shall not feel the change when you bring home a wife."

Mary, who had been looking on, suddenly turned her eyes away; but all the same, she perceived that Ben's obstinate Renton upper lip settled down a little, and that he grew stern to behold.

"I don't think that is a very likely event," he said.

"But it must be," said Mrs. Renton; "it must be some time. I don't say directly, because this is very pleasant. And after being left seven years all alone, I think I might have my boy to myself to cheer me up a little. But it must be some time—in a year or two—when you have had time to look about you and make up your mind."

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," said Ben with a short laugh, "if I am to judge of my effect upon English ladies by the impression I made on Mary; it is not encouraging, I can tell you. I was afraid she would faint."

"Oh, Ben!" Mary exclaimed, looking up at him with her lucid, emotional eyes; and the rose-flush went over all her face. It was a very pleasant face to look at. And, perhaps, even beauty herself is not more attractive than a countenance which changes when you look at it, and a voice full of chords. Yes; no doubt he had some respect for her, and even esteem, if you went so far as that.

"Mary and I have been living so much out of the world," said Mrs. Renton. "We have been quite alone, you know, my dear. My poor health was never equal to the exertion. It is always best for such an invalid as I am to give up every thing, I believe. And except just our drives—your poor dear papa always made such a point of my drives."

"But Mary was not an invalid," said Ben, and he looked full at her for a moment, lighting up once more the glow in her face. "I don't know what you have been doing to yourself," he said. "Is it the way she has her hair, mother? It cannot be her dress, because I remember that gown. I suppose she has been asleep all these seven years, like the beauty in the wood."

"I think I have," said Mary; but her voice was scarcely audible. After all, the pink gown had not been necessary, and virtue had its reward.

"Asleep for seven years? Indeed, you are unkind to Mary," said Mrs. Renton. "You can't think what a comfort she has been to me, Ben. She has always read to me, and driven with me, and talked when I could bear it, and got my worsted work straight, and given the housekeeper her orders. If she had been my own child, she could not have been nicer. And never cared for going out, or any thing. I am sure it is not necessary for me to say it; but, if any thing should happen to me, I hope you will all be very kind to Mary. You can't think what a good child she has been."

"Kind to Mary!" said Ben, holding out his hand to her. Well, perhaps there might be something more than even respect and esteem—affection—that was the word—family affection and brotherly kindness. And what could a woman of seven-and-twenty desire or dream of more?

And, when they retired to the drawing-room, Mrs. Renton was very eloquent about the change of affairs. "Not to say that it is Ben, my dear—whom, of course, it is a great happiness to see again—there is always a pleasure in knowing that there is a man in the house," she said. "It rouses one up. I am sure there were many days that it was a great bore to go down to dinner. I should have liked a cup of tea in my own room so much better; but a man must always have his dinner. And then they have been about all day, and they have something to tell you, if it is only what is in the evening paper; and there is always most news in the evening paper, Mary. I have remarked that all my life. And even now, you know, one feels that he will come in by-and-by—and that is something to look forward to. It is a great advantage, my dear, to have a man in the house."

"It is very pleasant, at least, to have Ben in the house," said Mary; but she quaked a little while she spoke—for what was she to do with him for the rest of the evening, after Mrs. Renton went to bed? And, if the world was coming to an end, it would not prevent Davison's appearance at half-past nine to take her mistress up-stairs. And there was not much chance that Ben would be inclined for bed at that early hour. Mary tried hard to brace herself up for the evening's work, as she made the tea, pondering whether she might retire in her turn about half-past ten or so, that being a proper young lady's hour, though with Laurie she would not have minded how long she sat talking, or letting him talk; and yet Ben had been seeing more, doing more, and had more to tell, than Laurie. Thus it sometimes happens that the greater the love the less is the kindness, though such a word as love had not been breathed in the inmost recesses of Mary Westbury's mind.

But, when Ben joined them, he was very talkative, and full of his own concerns, and was so interesting that his mother put Davison off; and it was ten o'clock before she actually left the drawing-room. After a little conflict with herself, Mary prepared to follow. She would have liked to stay, but felt herself awkward and uncomfortable, and full of a thousand hesitations.

"Are you going too?" Ben said, as he saw her gathering up her work; and there was a tone of disappointment in his voice that went to her heart.

"I thought you might be tired," she said, faltering.

"Tired! the first night at home! I suppose the poor, dear mother has stayed as long as is good for her; but you are not an invalid, Mary," said Ben; "you don't mean to say ten o'clock is the end of the evening for you? And I have a hundred things to tell you, and to ask you? Put on your shawl, and come out for a breath of fresh air. The moon always shines at Renton. I'll ring for somebody to bring you a shawl."

"I'll run and get one," said Mary; and she stayed up-stairs for a few moments to take breath and compose herself. It was very silly of her, of course, to be excited; but she reflected that it was not simply the innocent stroll with her cousin in the moonlight for which she was afraid, but the possibility of a return to the subject of Millicent, of which he had spoken to her last time he was at Renton. He was standing outside the window waiting for her when she came down, and they wandered away together, instinctively taking that path toward the river. So many moonlight walks on that same path glanced over Mary's memory as they walked—childish ones, when the cousins played hide-and-seek behind the great, smooth, shining boles of the beeches—merry comings-home from water-parties, when they were all boys and girls together. And then that walk, which was the last she had taken with Ben.

He did not say much for some minutes. Perhaps he, too, was thinking of all those old recollections.

"When I went away, the moon was shining," he said at last, abruptly, "and I suppose it has been shining and the river running and the branches rustling all this time. How strange it seems! I wonder if I have been dreaming all these seven years?"

"I dare say you have for a great part of the time," Mary said, with an effort to be playful. "I am sure I have, at least—"

"I hope so, considering my mother's account of what you have been doing," said Ben. And then he made a pause, and said, as if he did it on purpose to stir up every possibility of discomfort in her, "Do you remember our last talk here?"

"Yes," said Mary; and then they went on, stumbling in the dark places, and now and then coming out like ghosts—two weird figures—into the silver light. Though he had brought her out on the pretence of having so much to say, in reality he scarcely talked at all. And she kept by his side, with her heart giving irregular thumps against her breast. She had not breath enough to bid him not to go any farther, and the sound of her own footsteps and his in the utter stillness seemed to wake all kinds of curious echoes in the dark wood. Mary was half frightened, and yet rapt into a curious, mysterious exaltation of feeling. What was he thinking of? Were they two the same creatures who had come down that same path together—was it six years or six hours ago? The darkness among the trees around was not more profound than was the darkness in which Ben's life had been enveloped during his absence. He had written home, it is true, and they had known where he went, and what, as people say, he was doing, all the time; but of his real existence Mary knew as little—

just as little and as much—as he of hers. Thus they went on, until they came to the opening, and the green bank upon the river-side, which lay in a flood of moonlight, all shut and bounded round by the blackness of the woods.

"What a pity there is no boat!" said Ben. "I might have taken you up the reach as far as the moonlight goes. We must have a boat. I did not think it was so sweet. And there is Cookesley Church across the fields. I remember so well looking at it the last time through the branches of the big beech! How high the river is! Whose boat is that, I wonder, on the other side?"

"Oh, it is from The Willows, I suppose," said Mary, with a kind of desperation.

"The Willows? That is something new. Is it old Peters and his sister? But you told me he was dead. What sort of people are at The Willows now?"

"Two ladies," said Mary, succinctly. Was not this like the very hand of Fate? Why The Willows should thus thrust itself quite arbitrarily into the conversation, without any word or warning, she could not tell. It was like the work of a malicious spirit.

"Two ladies!" said Ben. "You are very terse—terser than I ever knew you. And who may the two ladies be who venture on the river in the moonlight?"

"Oh, I do not think they are in the boat."

"But, whether they are in the boat or not, who are they?" said Ben; and there was a sound as of laughter in his voice.

Then there followed a dead pause. The boat lay in the fullest moonlight, and already they could hear the soft plash of the oars and distant sound of voices. It was not coming down the stream, but floating softly on the silvered water, just kept in its place against the current by the oars. Some one was out enjoying the beauty of the night in that magical fashion; and opposite was visible the little margin of lawn which belonged to The Willows, the trees dripping into the water, and the lights in the open windows. A subtle suggestion of happiness, and love, and rest, was in the scene. Was it a pair of lovers, or a young husband with his wife, or—

"Tell me—this becomes mysterious—who are they?" said Ben.

"Oh, only some people," Mary said, with some breathlessness, "whom I think you once knew. Do you remember speaking to me, the last time we came down here together, about—some one—a school-fellow of mine?"

"Yes."

"It is a very strange coincidence," Mary said, with a miserable attempt at a laugh. "It is Millicent, who has gone there with her mother for the summer. We are neighbors now."

And then silence came again—silence deeper than before. He started a little—that it was easy to see; but his face was quite in the shade. And after a while he said, with a steady and decided voice, "You mean Mrs. Henry Rich?"

"Yes," said Mary; and then they both stood on the rustling grass, and watched the boat, which lay caught, as it were, and suspended in the blaze of white radiance. No doubt, she was there, enjoying that beautiful moment, not thinking what silent spectators were looking on so near. As for Mary, she stood spellbound, and gazed, full of a thousand thoughts. Since her cousins had been gone, Mary had had no one to row her about the shining river, every turn of which she knew so well; but Millicent had her boatman at once. And who was he? And what could Ben be thinking of, that he stood thus on the brink of the full stream, filled more than full by the overflowing of the moonlight? All at once he turned on his heel, as if rousing himself, and drew Mary's hand within his arm.

"Let me help you up the bank," said Ben. "After all, the night grows cold. Have you ever walked as far before, so late as this?"

"Never, I think," said Mary, going with him up the hill at a pace very unusual to her. Though he carried on some pretence at conversation, she was too breathless with the rapid ascent to answer otherwise than by an occasional monosyllable. But, when they reached the great beech, he permitted her to breathe. Perhaps he paused there only from habit, or perhaps he was curious to look back upon that picture on the river, and gain another glimpse in this strange, unlooked-for, unsuspected way into the life of the woman he had once loved. The boat had disappeared while they were mounting the bank, and on the lawn, before The Willows, stood a white figure, dwarfed by distance into the size of a fairy, but blazing-white in the intense moonlight. No doubt, Ben saw her,

for his face was turned that way; but he went on again without a word. It was only when they had reached the lawn, and were approaching the lights and the open window by which they had come forth, that he alluded to what he had seen. Then he asked, sharply, all at once, in the very middle of some other subject which had nothing to do with it, "How long have these people been here?"

"Three weeks," said Mary. Not another word was said; but a certain constraint and embarrassment—at least so she thought—had come over him. When she lit her candle this time, he made no attempt to detain her. She thought even that he gave a sigh of relief, as he opened the door for her, and said good-night; and it was hard for Mary to think with any charity of the woman who had thus waylaid him—waylaid his very imagination—on the night even of his return. Possibly she was quite wrong in her estimate of Ben's feelings. When she was gone he threw himself heavily into a chair, and sat for an hour or more, doing nothing—chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy. But, no doubt, he had enough to think about without that. It would have been strange had the coming home—the approach of certainty after his long suspense—the familiar life that seemed to have taken him up again after casting him out of its bosom—produced no excitement in his mind. And then there was that curious sense of unreality which comes upon a man when, after an active life of his own, he returns to his father's house, and finds every thing, down to the minutest particular, just as it used to be. Is not this life such stuff as dreams are made of? To Ben, who was not a man of thought, this sentiment was bewildering; and the quiet of the house weighed upon him with an irritating heaviness. Talk of noise! There is no such babel as that of silence when it surges round you, when no living thing stirs, and the mysterious air rustles its wings in your ears, and the earth vibrates under your feet. The flutter of moths and invisible insects attracted by the light, the rustle of the leaves outside, the curtains waving in the night air, the mysterious thrills which ran through the furniture, the wavering of the flame of the lamp—all affected Ben when he was left alone. His life had been so busy and full of action—and now he had left that existence which was his own, and come back into the midst of those shadows to await the last sentence of a dead man's voice, and have his whole destiny, perhaps, thrown once more into mistiness and darkness. Had there been any need for that boat softly rocking on the curve of the silvered water—for that white solitary figure in the moonlight—to complicate matters further? But, whether that last incident did count for any thing in the multiplicity of his thoughts, or whether it affected him as Mary supposed—and as Millicent meant it to affect him—who can tell? He sat a long time thinking, but he uttered none of his thoughts in the shape of soliloquy, which is unfortunate for this narrative; and I am obliged to wait, as most people are compelled to do, for the slow elucidation of events, to show the turn taken by Ben Raston's thoughts.

Mary's mind went more rapidly to a conclusion, as may be supposed. She could no more tell than I can what Ben was really turning over in his thoughts; but one thing was clear to her, that he had not heard of the neighborhood of Millicent with indifference. It might be indignation, it might be disgust, it might be concealed and suppressed delight; but, at all events, the information had moved him. And, at the same time, he had been very nice to herself—very friendly, almost more than friendly—affectionate; not forgetting to help her even when she had just thrown that bombshell into the quiet. To be sure, he had hurried her up the hill, unconscious of the rapidity of his pace; but that was little in comparison with his kindness in remembering her at all when he had just heard such news. So Mary said to herself, thinking, like a romantic young woman, that Ben must have straightway forgot every thing but Millicent. Well! She was like a sister to him: he was ready to trust her, ready to rely upon her, ready even to admire and praise her in that frank, affectionate way as a brother might. Why should there be any heaviness or sense of disappointment in her heart? Mary said to herself that it was only because of its being Millicent, who was not worthy of him. If it had been almost anybody else—if it had been half a dozen girls she could name to herself, who were good girls, and would have made him happy—But Millicent was no mate for Ben! That was the only reason of the blank sense of pain and vacancy in her heart. For herself, she was more than content.

And thus the old house closed its protecting doors upon the first instalment of the restored family; and with that received agitation,

disqui
lying
peace
stealin
stience
so slow
of the
as har
when
health
nobod
came l
of pain
be bles
depths
bury c
going
the elec

like over
"Who
"My
"Is he
"Hone
but dirty
if you will
And, s
door of t
vidual cam
as ever hel
"Patri
"Yis, y
"Take
with the s
ing."
"An' is
"That's
lar."
"I'm jil
like."

disquiet, unrest, into the bosom of the stillness. Renton had been lying high and dry, like a stranded vessel, for all those years, and peace had dwelt in it; but now that the tide was creeping up, and life stealing back, the natural accompaniment returned. Sighs of impatience, disappointment, pain—eager desires for the future, which came so slowly, counting the minutes—a sense, overmastering every thing, of the hardness and strangeness of life. Nobody had thought of life as hard, as troublous, or full of fatal mistakes, during all those years when Mrs. Renton had driven about the lanes, and taken care of her health. The blessed bonds of routine had kept things going, and nobody was either glad or miserable. But as soon as the bigger life came back with chances of happiness in it, then the balancing chances of pain also returned. As soon as it becomes possible that you may be blessed, it also becomes possible that you may fall into the lowest depths of anguish. This was the strange paradox which Mary Westbury contemplated as she heard Ben Renton's unaccustomed step going to his room after midnight, through the profound stillness of the sleeping house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ROBBER'S LAMP.



OT to go over on foot!" exclaimed the contractor.

"Not a chance of any thing else," replied the agent. "But, then, it's only five miles, and you'll have better quarters there than here, in this vile stanty. The money will be safer, too—let alone that the men won't go to work again, unless they're paid in the morning."

"Is the road safe? I don't like the idea of lugging so much money. I could defend myself, or run; but fifteen hundred dollars in small bills is a big package to run with."

"Send your va-

lise over in advance."

"Whom by?"

"My man."

"Is he trustworthy?"

"Honest as the day; and he needn't know there's any thing in it but dirty linen. He can start now; and you can wait till after supper, if you will."

And, so saying, the agent of the railroad company stepped to the door of the shanty, and shouted for Patrick; and, shortly, that individual came—as bright, lively, honest-looking a son of the Green Isle as ever helped build a Western railroad.

"Patrick!"

"Yis, yer honor."

"Take this gentleman's valise over to the village, and leave it with the superintendent. Tell him the owner'll be after it this evening."

"An' is that all, yer honor?"

"That's all—only be quick about it, and you'll earn an extra dollar."

"I'm jist the bye for that, onyhow. Sure, it's a small bit of a valise."

And, so saying, Patrick picked up the object of his contempt, and trudged away, with an utter absence of curiosity as to the nature of what he was carrying.

The temporary station at which the "construction train" had landed the contractor—a gentleman named Perkins—was at the end of the new Air-line Railroad to —; and, as the laborers thereon had not been paid over-promptly, they had now for some days been on a strike, abandoning the works, and congregating idly at a hamlet, a few miles distant, thereby compelling their delinquent employers to come to terms. Mr. Perkins had brought a good share of the "terms" with him, for immediate distribution; and, after a plain but hearty supper with the agent, he was about to start on his tramp, when it was discovered that a good-sized Western thunder-storm was just about to burst, and the walk was postponed until the sky should clear. In a few minutes more, the rain was coming down in torrents, and kept it up for an hour or so, at the end of which time the contractor paddled away over the muddy road, congratulating himself that the valise in Patrick's care was water-proof.

"He's had a rougher time than I will, anyhow; and now, if I ain't robbed and murdered before I got there, I shall do well enough, in spite of the mud." And, so muttering to himself, the worthy gentleman splashed forward.

Our present business, however, is not with his employer, but with Patrick himself.

The parting injunction to make haste had not seemed to make a very deep impression on the careless son of Erin; and he trudged easily along, with an occasional shrewd glance at the somewhat threatening sky, growing to himself:

"Faith, an' I'll be there before he will, an' it don't rain, an' mebbe I will av it does. Och, but it's a wake one to be givin' a dollar for carryin' the loike o' this!"

A little more than half-way across the open prairie between the railway terminus and the village was a tolerably dense grove, and it was after sunset when Patrick plunged under its shadows. Nor had he gone far, before, as the gloom rapidly deepened, the premonitory flashes of lightning and the deep, smothered roars of the thunder gave token that the storm was upon him.

"Now, an' I cud onwly git to the owld log house, it 'ud kape me dhry. Howly Moses, what a big flash was that!"

And, so saying, Patrick broke into a very respectable trot, which quickly brought him out into a little weed-grown clearing. In the centre of this there was a small log house, the deserted homestead of some discontented squatter who had moved farther westward. It consisted of but two rooms, front and back, and all vestiges of doors or window-shutters had long since disappeared; but it promised some sort of imperfect shelter from the rain.

Patrick was but just in time, for hardly had he stumbled over the grassy threshold before the first big drops began to patter, and these were quickly followed by such penetrating torrents as compelled him to select his standing-place under as good a corner of the leaky roof as he could find.

"Bless me sowl, but this is a wet rain, onyhow! I'd not loike to be found dhrowned wid another mon's portmanty about me clothes. Whisht, now, Pathrick, me jewel—what's that?"

And, as he spoke, Patrick once more advanced toward the doorway. It was now all but pitch-dark, and he could hear the half-muffled voices of men, whose profane utterances seemed to try and direct one another toward the shelter:

"Here it is, Bob. I wonder if there's anybody in it."

"Not to-night, there won't be. Go right in; we're comin'."

Patrick was no fool, and he had heard something in the tones rather than in the words—though these were mingled with horrid profanity—which conveyed to his mind the impression that the newcomers were men with whom he did not care to scrape an acquaintance; neither did he like to go out into the storm—and so he quietly glided back into the little "lean-to" that formed the other part of the house, and curled himself up against the logs.

In a moment more he perceived that three men had taken possession of his late quarters; and he lay as still as a mouse, while they continued a discussion which had evidently been interrupted by the storm:

"He won't try to get over to-night, I reckon."

"Yes, he will; he's got to."

"But the storm?"

"He'll wait till that's over."

"Maybe he's started."

"If he has, he'll turn back. We're safe enough to bag him, an' it's a little the best lay we ever had."

"Pretty good pot, that's a fact. Do you know how he's got it?"

"In a valise, Jim says."

"Well, we can take it as well in that as in any thing else, as the man said about his whiskey."

"But what'll we do with him?"

"Dead men tell no tales."

"That's the safest, I guess; and they'll lay it to some of the strikers."

"Most likely. Have you got the dark-lantern ready?"

"Not much oil in it."

"Let's fill it, then. I went to get some, and got into the boss's private office, and I just found one little can hid away in his desk. Not another thing worth bringing away. Here 'tis; let's fill up, an' take a look round."

Thus far Patrick had listened with breathless interest, while his mind teemed with horrid visions of robbery and murder. As we have said, he was by no means lacking in sharpness, and the reference to the valise had not been by any means reassuring.

"Howly Mother! how did they iver know I was comin' over wid the portmanty? I'd like to know that. Begorra, I'd better have turned back before I iver come! An' what's a dollar to pay for bein' murdered?"

Patrick's thoughts were troubling the very soul within him, when he heard what was said about the lantern, and it needed no one to tell him that his only safety from discovery was in retreat. There was some little noise and loud talking in the other room, not to speak of the rain on the roof, and Patrick had no difficulty in escaping unheard. Once clear of the house, he made a clean run of it for a couple of hundred yards, stumbling over logs, tearing through briars, but sticking faithfully to the valise.

Meantime the three robbers had probably been filling the lamp of their dark-lantern; and just as Patrick reached the edge of the woods, in the cover of whose darkness he knew he would be safe, he turned, and strained his eyes in the direction of the log house. As he did so, a faint gleam of light came out through the chinks and crannies. "Shtrikin' a match," muttered Patrick. "Bad luck to that same for sardin' me out into the wet!—Howly Mother! what's that?"

While Patrick had been speaking, the light had gained somewhat in strength, as if the match was blazing higher; but, as he uttered his concluding exclamation, there came a sudden, blinding flash, equal to many lightnings, and then a dull and stunning sound, as of some mighty explosion, followed by the crashing sound of heavy bodies falling among the tree-tops near him, breaking their way through the branches.

Patrick waited for no more, but found the road as quickly as possible, and made double-quick time for the village, regardless of the rain. When, less than half an hour afterward, the breathless Irishman with his precious burden, dripping with water, opened the door of the superintendent's office in the village, he heard that gentleman remark:

"What did you say, Jordan?"

"Why," replied the "boss," with an anxious tone, "some fool has broken my desk open, and stole a can of the nitro-glycerine, and I'm afraid mischief will come of it."

"Divil a fear," interrupted Patrick; "sorra mischief was done by that same. Ownly we'll have to sarch the woods wid dogs to foind enough of 'em for a dacint wake, or Oi'm mishtaken."

The explanation which followed left little room for doubt, and a subsequent investigation left less; but, as Patrick had surmised, there was very little occasion for a "wake."

The contractor got in all right, the men were paid, the road was built, and the moral of my story is: "If you steal nitro-glycerine, don't fill lamps with it if you mean to light them yourself."

HIGH WATER IN LOUISIANA.

IN 1865, I had been for some time on tedious court-martial duty in New Orleans, and was greatly rejoiced to find on my desk, one morning, an order relieving me from that duty, and directing me to

proceed to Brashear City, to assume command of the garrison at that place, which was strongly fortified, being the advance-post of Federal occupation in that direction, and the key to the rich La Fourche district.

The act of proceeding to Brashear was, however, easier ordered than done, and I packed up my traps with very definite doubts as to the possibility of making the proposed journey. For several days the newspapers had been filled with accounts of a freshet. The railway between New Orleans and Brashear had been impassable for a fortnight. In some places the sleepers had risen from their beds, taking the rails with them, and had floated quietly against the adjacent cy-presses, at whose roots, a few weeks thereafter, a somewhat disconnected line of track was laid by the subsiding flood. The prospect of a skiff journey through the swamps was by no means fascinating, and I was trying to devise some pleasanter way of obeying orders, when I received notice that the garrison at Brashear was running short of provisions, and that two transports were taking in stores, under orders to go at once to its relief. I lost no time in getting my horses and luggage on board, after which I had leisure to look around me. I had not been within sight of the river for several days, and was startled at the threatening height of the water. The top of the wide levee was actually a-wash, and the mighty river, at a height of eight or ten feet above the city streets, was rushing seaward at the rate of I know not how many miles an hour. The great war-ships lay anchored in mid-channel, with straining cables and slowly-revolving screws, while the yellow current surged up under their bows as if they were running up-stream at high speed. It was a somewhat appalling sight to my unaccustomed eyes, but nobody seemed disturbed, and so much of the broad, white levee as remained dry looked just as usual, with its scant merchandise, and its small fleet of river-craft.

In due time the interminable variety of stores which make up the supply of a large garrison were transferred from the levee to the steamer's deck, and, by sunset, we were sweeping past the United States barracks, with their old-fashioned brick Martello towers, and, borne by the mighty current, were rushing toward the Gulf at railway speed.

I should perhaps state, for the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with the topography of the region, that Brashear City, our destination, is eighty miles west of New Orleans, and connected with it by rail. The distance by water is something less than three hundred miles, including a short voyage through the Gulf from the mouth of the Mississippi to that of the Atchafalaya River, on which Brashear is situated.

At daylight, on the morning after leaving New Orleans, we made fast to a mud-bank near the Balize, and, as the sea outside was too rough for our river-craft, we had leisure to examine that remarkable formation of land which is so rapidly going on at the mouth of the river. A more forlorn place to live in can hardly be found short of the desert of Sahara, but a cluster of human habitations was, nevertheless, visible, rising above the tall marsh-grass half a mile up-stream, and we (there were two or three officers on board beside myself) borrowed a boat, and pulled along in the shore-eddies, amid the wrecks of vessels and the rotting trunks of huge trees, until we reached the bayou, on whose shores sits Pilot-town. The geography of this place has the merit of simplicity, consisting of mud and water, the latter predominating, and the former being so treacherous in its character, and so fathomless in depth, that the few houses of which the town is composed, are built on a sort of raft, which is all that keeps them from sinking into this lowest Mississippi bottom. The only structure which is built on a more solid foundation is the pilot's lookout; and I am informed that this gradually settles, and has to have a story added from time to time, as its under parts descend to the lower depths. A curious account is given, on excellent authority, of a brick house built by the Spaniards, near the Balize, when the country was first discovered. This house began to sink soon after its completion, and, in a short time, became uninhabitable. A second story was added, which, in its turn, became first a basement and then a cellar, upon which the building project was abandoned, and the house, left to its fate, disappeared in a few years from mortal gaze. Within the last generation, however, the walls have emerged from the mud, and the prospect is that, ere long, the whole house will again see the light.

After exhausting the resources of Pilot-town, we returned to the steamer, and spent a weary day watching the mud-colored surf roll in over the shallows, and observing the measures taken to render our craft sea-worthy. These consisted in guying the smoke-stacks, and

bracing every thing braceable, so that the boat could more successfully contend with the ground-swell. Early the next morning, I was awakened by the noise of getting under way, and was on deck in time to find our boat running past the low mud-banks with which the river is slowly filling up the Gulf of Mexico. In half an hour we were in clear gulf water, and were observing, with some anxiety, the sea-going qualities of our craft. I have seen some heavy weather off soundings, and I prefer to see it all over again rather than encounter a moderate swell in a Southern river-boat. Every lurch terminates in a fearful crash as the next sea smites the guards; the smoke-stacks strain at the guys; the whole light superstructure creaks; the deck bends in long undulations; and, to a man who knows how a good sea-boat behaves in a gale, it seems as if every thing must go to pieces. However, we met with no disaster, and by nightfall were again in muddy water, with a war-ridden light-house on one hand, and indications of submerged woodlands along the horizon-line beyond. Toward the latter we steamed with great caution, and presently stuck fast on an outlying mud-bank. Several ineffectual attempts were made to back off, whereupon the captain gave it up, and, in a grim spirit of jocularly, cast anchor to make assurance doubly sure, while we passengers settled down for another night on board.

Daylight conveniently coincided with high tide, which, at this favored part of our coast, means a rise and fall of about eighteen inches, and we floated off from our night's resting-place. As we felt our way, with frequent soundings, toward the mouth of the river, the water became more red with mud, and the current, although we were still a score of miles from any dry land, set strongly toward the Gulf. In the course of an hour or two, we reached a place which the pilot said was the mouth of the river. It was marked only by low lines of rushes and palmettos, which grew on the banks. Beyond these, we could look over miles of flooded prairie, broken only by the belts and islands of cypresses which are the characteristic feature of this region. For a long distance no signs of human habitation were visible, but as soon as we passed from the savannas to a region where a larger growth of trees indicated an older and firmer geological formation, we came upon the cabins of settlers. The families were, in some cases, perched upon the roofs, with their household goods about them, and, in others, were upon rafts, or like contrivances, for safety. I would gladly have stopped to rescue these poor creatures, but every moment was valuable, for the garrison at Brashear might be in still more pressing need of help, and it seemed best to hurry on.

For two hours we pushed steadily up the broad current which rolled, red and boiling, on either hand, bowing tall trees as if a tempest shook them, and swaying the heavy cane-brakes as the wind sways a northern grain-field. The mighty flood bore on its breast *débris* from half the continent, wrecks of houses and vessels, branches and trunks from the Red River, and from the Cumberland Mountains, boards and timber and cotton-bales, which may have come from anywhere on the Red River, or even from the Mississippi. At length we entered a stately aisle of lofty cypresses, dressed in their winding-sheets of gray moss. The flood glimmered among their dim trunks, until lost afar off in the dense shadows of the swamp; great, brown owls, startled by the noise of our paddles, fled with "demoniac laughter" deeper into the wood; alligators, driven from their accustomed mud-banks, stretched themselves on logs, or swam lazily among the tree-trunks; flocks of white cranes rose from their roosts with harsh clangor, and flapped screaming away; and now and then might be seen a distant gleam of scarlet from the wings of the timid flamingo.

Brashear City looked, when we came in sight of it, as if its chance for future fame were small indeed. The gunboats in the river towered above the roofs of the houses, and the water seemed visibly to rise higher in the centre than at the sides of the stream, and to threaten with instant destruction the already flooded town. The nearest gunboat slipped her cable in a twinkling, and ran down toward us with her crew at quarters, but was soon satisfied of our pacific intentions, and, rounding alongside, kept us company to the wharf, the bright muzzles of her brass guns looking out from a framework of bronzed faces and blue caps, as the crew watched the phenomenon of a strange steamboat.

We were soon moored to the wharf of the railroad-depot, which, with its out-buildings, had been singularly spared the ordeal by fire during several alternate occupations of Federals and Confederates. I went ashore at once, and most of the day was passed in getting the run of post-business, and issuing the orders necessary on assuming

command. It was not until toward evening that I had time to walk around the works and gain a personal knowledge of the siege—for a siege it was, and the flood was likely at any moment to assault us with a force far more difficult to resist than any which the rebels could bring. The fortifications, which were quite extensive, enclosing a few of the houses of Brashear, and the river-front, which was not protected by a continuous line of parapet, had been hastily banked up by the troops as soon as it became evident that the water was rising to an unusual height. New embankments are, however, proverbially untrustworthy, and guards had to be stationed at night along the entire line of works, with orders to report any leak, as well as to prevent a pleasing propensity on the part of ultra-secesh citizens to tap the levee under cover of darkness.

I walked along the parapet, observing the curious and—to me—novel phenomena of the flood. The sally-ports were dammed by embankments three or four feet high, which were invariably leaky, and wells had to be dug for the water to run into, whence it was pumped or baled out again. The embrasures were a-wash, the flood actually looking down the throats of the guns, and threatening, with a few inches' more rise, to disable all our artillery. All along the up-stream face of the works a strong current was eating away the exterior slope of the parapet, while in the reëntrant angles an angry whirl and commotion told that the water was sinking a mine, which no countermining on the part of the beleaguered garrison could check. Sounding-lines showed a gradually-increasing depth, and it seemed not at all improbable that the earthwork, with its heavy armament, might soon sink into the invisible gulf below. The engineer spoke mournfully of the possibilities before us, and looked despondingly at the slowly-disappearing salients of his works, but was unable to suggest any means of defence that were not already in operation.

My first night at Brashear was a somewhat anxious one, but, as the novelty wore off, my anxiety diminished, and military routine went on with its usual regularity. One feature of our island-fortress was the animal life which thronged on and around it. Moccasin-snakes, of all sizes and colors, lay along the water's edge, or appeared at the most surprising and inopportune moments among the quarters of officers and men. Deer often came quite near, wading or swimming, and were sometimes shot from the picket-posts. Rabbits were frequently found within the fort, and gave occasions for many a funny rough-and-tumble chase among the men, while field-mice visited us in such numbers as to cause serious inconvenience to the quartermaster and commissary.

Even the alligators found the swamps too wet, and frequented the vicinity of the fort in such numbers as to furnish a constant source of amusement and pistol-practice. The post-surgeon, whose hospital was surrounded by water, diverted himself by tempting them around his front-porch and trying the effect of various poisons, administered on bits of meat and bread. He was unable, however, to cause more than a temporary uneasiness on the part of any of his visitors, and I believe that he finally made up his mind that the saurian stomach secretes an antidote to all the poisons of the pharmacopeia.

One day a French citizen presented himself at headquarters, and in humble tones and broken English solicited the loan of a rifle and permission to shoot "von pig alligator, vat have been two, tree days in mine door-yard. I no can drive him out, and I fear he hurt mine leetle children."

A soldier was sent to dispatch the Frenchman's unwelcome visitor, and a rifle-shot soon after announced that the deed was done.

One evening the doctor, whose brain was an inexhaustible mine of theories and experiments, gave us a highly-interesting little tableau, in which an alligator was one of the principal characters. We of the headquarters-mess had to be boated to our meals, the house to which we went standing alone and surrounded by water. After dinner on the evening in question, we noticed an unusually large alligator swimming about, and wistfully watching us as we sat on the veranda, smoking our post-prandial pipes. The doctor presently disappeared, and we soon heard him engaged in a protracted argument with the black waitress in the kitchen. After a few minutes he came back triumphant, bearing in his arms a small freedman, having, as he said, procured the little fellow with great trouble and expense, the mother not being disposed to trust her offspring to his professional care. He now proposed that we should all retire to the parlor-windows, whence we could watch the result of an experiment which he wished to try.

As soon as we were properly posted, the doctor deposited his charge near the front steps, which were under water, and placed himself at the entry-door. The little darkey, finding himself in a wonted position, began to squeal and sprawl about in the sunshine with intense delight, and presently attracted the alligator's attention. Instantly the huge brute turned his ugly head toward the open front-gate, through which he must pass to reach his anticipated prey. His serrated back and tail sunk below the surface, and only his eyes and nose were visible as he sculled with a stealthy but swift motion toward the gate. At this point, just as the interest began to intensify, the females of the family entered upon the scene, and the doctor had much ado to hold the front-door and carry out his plans. I regret to say that the maternal apprehensions were quieted by a judicious bribe of tobacco, and the experiment was allowed to proceed. As soon as the sound of voices ceased, the alligator resumed his advance; for he had cautiously stopped on hearing the dispute at the door; and the scene assumed a very tragic interest, as the hideous head of the reptile drew closer to the unconscious little darkey who lay kicking up his heels to the setting sun. We could actually see the hungry gleam of the creature's eye, as with ever-increasing caution he slid noiselessly through the water. His motions became slower and slower, and he was just raising himself for his final rush, when the mother could no longer be restrained. Bursting open the door, she seized her baby, and fled to the kitchen, laughing hysterically, while the doctor stepped out on the gallery and shot the alligator with his revolver—not hurting him much, to be sure, but probably giving him a temporary distaste for colored infants. For myself, I admit having drawn a sigh of relief when the scene ended, for there was a species of horrible fascination about it which almost held me spell-bound.

The day after the alligator episode, the front gallery of our boarding-house was a-wash, and broad pools began to appear on the parlor-floor, whence the carpets had been prudently removed. At breakfast, on the next morning, we sat with our feet on the chair-rouds, and threw crumbs to shoals of minnows, which had already found their way in-doors. At dinner-time a staging of boards had been laid a foot above the floor, and gang-planks rendered the passages passable. While dining, our tranquillity was disturbed by the sudden advent of a muskrat pursued by a small but plucky pup belonging to our hostess. The muskrat, on finding himself in human presence, true to his amphibious instinct, sought the water for safety, and dived through a convenient opening beneath my chair, whither he was recklessly pursued by his canine foe, who was with difficulty rescued from drowning, and carried dripping, but still belligerent, from the room.

I appeal to the Northern housekeeper to fancy—if she can—what would be her feelings at seeing the white mop-boards of her parlors, dining-room, and hall, washed by the muddy river; her furniture with its legs placed on bricks, which must daily be piled higher, in order to keep above the rising water; her doors so swollen that they will neither open when they are shut, nor shut when they are open; a huge water-moccasin coiling himself on the board-walk in her entrance-hall, and puffing out his cheeks as the terrified "Biddy" attempts to dislodge him with the broom; finally, perhaps, quietly sliding under water, leaving the time and place of his reappearance a matter of entire uncertainty. Such were some of the trials to which Miss M——, tidiest of Southern housekeepers, was subjected, and which she met with a fortitude which elicited all our admiration.

Whatever spice of novelty accompanied our experiences in the garrison—and I confess that I had enough of the boy left to enjoy it all—there was little romance and plenty of hardship for the settlers along the bayous and lakes. The houses of the planters are raised, in most cases, above the reach of floods, and it is only the poor whites and negroes, dwelling in cabins and less pretentious houses, who are the real sufferers. A steamer with a detail of two companies was sent to the aid of these poor people, and some three hundred of them, with their goods and chattels, were brought to the fort and furnished with rations and quarters.

Such were some of the incidents in our daily life at Brashear, varied now and then by a sudden crevasse, and a hasty call for men to stop it. Sometimes, during a night-alarm of this kind, the scene was exciting to witness, as the garrison sprang from their blankets and fought the incoming water with an energy which showed that they appreciated the danger. The river rose steadily day by day, and we were driven to increased precautions and redoubled vigilance.

The guns were run back on their platforms, the embrasures were dammed, details were kept pumping water from drains day and night, and one small detached fort had suddenly to be abandoned to the advancing waters. An artillery attack would have caused dire calamities to the post at Brashear; but, fortunately, the Confederacy was too near its end to take advantage of our defenceless condition, and, in a few days, came the news of Kirby Smith's surrender, accompanied by orders to proceed up the Tèche with a sufficient force, occupy the country at the head of steam-navigation, and begin, in an humble way, the work of "reconstruction." Thus ended my sojourn at Brashear, and I shall never see a paragraph concerning floods on the Lower Mississippi without thinking of the poor whites in their submerged cabins and of my own experiences during the high water of '65.

WHENCE COME METEORITES?

IN examining a mass of meteoric iron found in the Cordillera of Deesa (Chili), M. Stanislas Meunier, of the Museum of Natural History in Paris, has discovered evidences of an unexpected relationship between this iron and two meteorites fallen at a great distance from Chili—viz, a mass of iron found at Caille (Alpes Maritimes), and a stone which fell at Sétif (Algeria) June 9, 1867.

The meteorite of Deesa is a mixture of these two rocks; it is composed of iron, which is identical with that of Caille, injected in a state of fusion into a stone which is identical with that of Sétif. The iron of Deesa is thus evidently an eruptive rock, and is the first hitherto observed among meteorites. Besides this, it is asserted that the iron resembling that found at Caille, and the stone resembling that of Sétif, have been mutually connected by stratification upon an unknown globe, and it is the first time that such a connection has been materially demonstrated.

M. Meunier remarks that the meteorites which now arrive upon the earth are not of the same mineralogical nature as those which fell in past ages. Formerly iron fell; now stones fall. During the last one hundred and eighteen years there have been in Europe but three falls of iron, whereas there have been annually, on an average, three falls of stones. The greater number of meteoric irons, which exist in the Paris collection, have fallen on the earth at undetermined epochs; all the meteoric stones are of comparatively recent date. Perhaps we are even justified in saying that stones of a new kind are beginning to arrive, for falls of carbonaceous meteorites were unknown before the year 1803, and four have been observed since then.

From this assemblage of facts, M. Meunier concludes that meteorites are the fragments of one or more heavenly bodies which, at a period relatively recent (for these walls are never found except in superficial strata), revolved round the earth, or perhaps round the moon. Having, in the course of ages, lost their own proper heat and become penetrated by the cold of space, they have arrived, much sooner than the moon, by reason of their inferior volume, at the last term of the molecular actions which are operating upon our satellite, and which are rendered evident to our eyes by the enormous crevices, the deep fissures with which it is furrowed. Split in all directions, they have fallen to ruin, and their fragments, remaining scattered along the orbit, so as to form a circle more or less complete, have at the same time become arranged, according to their density, in zones concentric with the focus of attraction toward which they are constantly impelled by the resistance of the ethereal medium through which they move. The masses nearest to the centre, and which were principally composed of iron, were the first to fall; afterward came the stones, in which period we now are. Hereafter, perhaps, will arrive meteorites analogous to our crystallized formations, and perhaps even to our stratified beds.

Thus meteorites, the veritable products of demolition, represent, according to M. Meunier, the last period of the evolution of planetary bodies. The incandescent orb, the sun, figures at the present day in our system as the sole representative of the primitive state through which the earth, and all the other bodies which revolve around it, have passed; the moon representing the future which awaits the terrestrial sphere, now in all the plenitude of life; and, finally, meteorites show us what becomes of the dead stars, how they are decomposed, and how their materials return into the vortex of life.

"THESE WALLS
these walls
this valley
poet, "the
hours long

and desc
known

Poetry
valley tha
to it, quo
upon the
wandering
American
not a new



A GLIMPSE OF WYOMING.

"THOU comest, in beauty, on my gaze at last," exclaimed Fitz-Greene Halleck, in his beautiful poem on "Wyoming," and these words come suitably to the lips when first the rare beauty of this valley bursts upon the traveller's gaze. To many of us, as to the poet, "fair Wyoming" has been the "image of many a dream in hours long past;" and when, at last, we have

"— stood upon the wooded mountain's brow,
That beetles high thy lovely valley o'er,"

and descended to the "river's greenest shore," we are prone to acknowledge fully, with the poet, that

"Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power
Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured; he
Had woven, had he gazed one sunny hour
Upon thy smiling vale, its scenery
With more of truth, and made each rock and tree
Known like old friends, and greeted from afar;
And there are tales of sad reality,
In the dark legends of thy border war,
With woes of deeper tint than his own Gertrude's are."

Poetry and legend have done more to immortalize the beauty of this valley than almost any other portion of our country; pilgrims come to it, quoting Campbell and Halleck, visiting its battle-fields, looking upon the monument erected to commemorate the famous massacre, wandering through its woods, or climbing its mountains, and, like the American poet, speculating whether every rustic beauty they meet is not a new Gertrude:

"There's one in the next field—of sweet sixteen—
Singing and summoning thoughts of beauty born

In heaven—with her jacket of light green,
'Love darting eyes, and tresses like the morn,'
Without a shoe or stocking—hoeing corn.
Whether, like Gertrude, she oft wandered there,
With Shakespeare's volume in her bosom borne,
I think is doubtful. Of the poet player
The maiden knows no more than Cobbett or Voltaire."

A journey down Wyoming Valley, and its continuations, from Scranton to Rupert on the Catawissa Railway, is one of those rarer enjoyments which only occasionally rewards the lover of the beautiful. For a long distance, the railway runs close by the side of the Susquehanna, and near a canal, whose tree-lined banks and picturesque boats add a quaint charm to the picture. One, if possible, should take his station on the platform of the rear car; from this point he can survey, without obstruction, the entire scene within its boundaries of wooded hills. If the traveller be not too exclusively absorbed in the loveliness of the picture that will thus present itself, and has the slightest regard to prosaic statistics and cold facts, he may be glad to know that Wyoming Valley is twenty-one miles long, and about three broad; that the rugged mountains or hills that enclose it often rise to a thousand feet in height, and that its name is a corruption of the Indian *Maughwauwame*, meaning "large plains." The "First Glimpse," in our illustration, is a view of Wyoming, on the Lehigh Valley Railroad as it approaches Wilkesbarre; it affords a glimpse of the valley from the mountains near Newport, a scene described as truly magnificent. The Susquehanna is visible for nearly twenty miles, from its entry through Lackawannock Gap, near Pittston, to its departure through Nanticoke Gap near Shickshinny.

A DAY IN CANTON.

DURING 1865 I resided in the city of Victoria, Hong-Kong; but, wearying of the monotony of existence upon the isle of "fragrant streams," in the spring of the following year I determined to pay a visit to Canton. So one fine May morning I found myself standing upon the upper deck of the river-steamer Po-yang, as she moved away from her jetty on the Praya, and sped swiftly out of the noble harbor formed by the channel that separates the peninsula of Kow-loon—the main-land—from the island of Hong-Kong.

The traffic between the British colony just mentioned, the Portuguese settlement of Macao, and the Chinese capital of the Kwang-tung Province, is mainly carried on by a fine fleet of American-built vessels, scarcely inferior, in point of speed, size, and accommodation, to the floating palaces which ply upon the Mississippi. At the time of which I write, two companies were running opposition steamers, and, in order to obtain the greatest number of native passengers, one of the firms had lowered the fare for the whole distance—over ninety miles—to the small sum of twenty cents.

Steaming swiftly through the Cum-sing-moon Passage, the Po-yang glided past Chuen-pe, Lin-tin, and the numerous other islands that lie around, and entered the river Pe-kiang by the narrow channel known as the Bocca Tigris, or Tiger's Mouth, upon the grassy slopes on either side of which stand the ruins of many forts, which were considered by the Chinese utterly impregnable, until the British frigate Nemesis demolished simultaneously the idea and the fortifications in the war of 1841.

We reached Whampoa (Hwang-poo), a place of some importance, by reason of the many splendid dry-docks there located, and also for its being the usual rendezvous for vessels taking cargoes from Canton, at four p. m., and, after passing several miles of swampy paddy, taro, and lotus fields, and three lofty pagodas, came in full view of the myriads of vessels, of all sizes and denominations, which swarm upon the dusky bosom of the Pearl River; while at the same time the red roofs of the dwelling and joss houses, and the tall, square columns of the pledge-shops, forming a foreground to the distant hills—the White-cloud Mountains—placed before us a picture, quaint, yet interesting in the extreme.

Kwang-chow-foo-ching, the city of Canton, is situated on the eastern bank of the Pe-kiang, which river is navigable three hundred miles still farther into the interior. Upon the western bank is Honam, where, since the foreign factories or warehouses were burned by the Chinese, Western merchants have their offices and "go-downs." A little higher up-stream, and near the Canton shore, is the Shameen, a place which was once a mud-flat, but, having been ceded to the British, has been converted into a pretty island, neatly laid out with gravelled walks, and dotted with spacious edifices, the residences of the American and European population.

A *too-chuen*, or native boat (generally erroneously termed *san-pan* by foreigners) of peculiar structure, somewhat resembling a child's wicker-work cradle, "manned" by a troop of laughing girls, conveyed me from the steamer to Honam, where stands the only hotel the City of Rams can boast of. It was kept by a Macanese, as the mixed Portuguese and Chinese race which inhabit Macao are termed, and, though not very roomy or comfortable, was not much worse managed than other hotels uncontrolled by an American.

Mine host, on hearing that I was merely upon a visit of pleasure, recommended me to engage the services of a native guide, as it was probable, if I wandered alone into the labyrinthine streets of Canton, I should lose my way. So, when an intelligent-looking olive-hued Celestial tendered me a card on which was printed in English, "A-cum, No. 1 Guide," and assured me in the quaint jargon yclept "pigeon" (or business) English that he "savvied allo placee plover," I at once chartered his services at a remuneration of one dollar a day.

Although situated in the same parallel of latitude as Calcutta, the climate of Canton is much cooler, and is considered superior to that of most places between the tropics. The thermometer indicates about ninety-five degrees of heat in July, and thirty-five degrees in January. In the year 1835 snow fell, and remained on the ground a few hours, causing much amazement, few of the citizens even knowing its proper name.

At an early hour the morning subsequent to my arrival, A-cum presented himself, and together we set out upon our peregrinations.

We first visited the famous Buddhist temple, usually known as the Honam Joss-house. Its grounds cover about seven acres, and are surrounded by a wall. Passing through a narrow wicket, we entered a spacious court-yard, and, after ascending a few steps, came at once to the principal entrance. The portal was high and wide, and on either side stood two enormous statues of the *mun-low-too-te*, or divine janitors, each armed with ponderous weapons, each wearing a look of such savage ferocity that bold indeed would be the native who would dare attempt to desecrate the holy edifice. In a high niche in the first hall, the vaulted roof of which gleamed with gold and azure, was placed an idol, before whose shrine a few devotees were performing their maternal worship. The image was of stone, heavily gilded, and represented a disgustingly-obese being, seated cross-legged, and wearing a stolid look of the most perfect contentment upon his repulsive visage.

The mode of worship was as follows: The worshippers had brought with them a considerable quantity of savory viands, roast pigs, ducks, and sweet cakes preponderating; these they placed in array before the deity, and, falling on their knees, bowed repeatedly to the earth, and while proffering their presents supplicated the favors they sought. Joss-sticks and *choo-sha-tsen* (vermilioned paper) were burned, fire-crackers exploded; and then, carefully collecting their offerings, the devotees carried them home for their own oblation.

In this temple there were more than two hundred priests, and but of that number only a few could read. They are easily distinguishable from the laity, as they are close-shaven. We passed through very many halls of worship, some of which contained a large number of idols; but, as the fumes of the burning incense were disagreeable, I did not care to linger long therein. So my *cicerone* conducted me to the gardens in the rear of the edifice.

These were very tastefully laid out in parterres, and gleamed with the choicest flowers that could gratify the eye. It being spring-time, those in fullest bloom were various species of chloranthus, clematis, *lychnis coronata*, the double-flowered pomegranate, deep-hued carnation, *melis azedarach*, and *bletia tankervillei*, while the rose of the season, the beautiful *pih-mei-kwei-hua*, filled the balmy air with its fragrance, and the showy pink-and-white blossoms of the *Pyrus spectabilis* (a sort of crab-tree) lent their variegated tints to enhance the gaudy beauty of the scene.

We next visited a small detached building used for the incremation of dead Buddhist priests; a few pyrites in one corner, however, was all there was to indicate the manner in which the bodies are reduced to ashes prior to being incurned.

A-cum having bestowed "cum-shaw"—*id est*, a few small pieces of *sycee* or broken silver—upon the human janitor, we quitted the temple and directed our steps to the river. The current was running at the rate of four or five miles an hour, but the two women who propelled the boat in which we took passage across had but little difficulty in gaining the opposite bank, so skillfully did they manage the unshapely craft. The floating population, that is to say, those who inhabit boats by day and night, exceed half a million. We landed at the custom-house pier, and after passing over the spot where stood aforetime the foreign factories, and picking our way through a few narrow streets, which were crowded like Washington Market, New York, on a Saturday night, we entered Curiosity Street, the principal emporium for trade with foreigners. Here long, vertical sign-boards, pensive from the eaves of the houses, gleamed in crimson, and azure, and gold, interspersed here and there by less pretentious ones, that informed the passer-by that Tung Cheong kept "No. 1 gold, silver, ivory, and lacquer-ware; shawls, silks, and curios, of the best quality." The Chinese are excellent shopkeepers, for they possess a great command of temper, while they are shrewd and calculating in the extreme. Ask one of these almond-eyed merchants the price of any article, and he instantly names ten times the amount he is willing to accept for it. It is not that he does not wish to sell, he is most anxious to trade, despite his assumed nonchalance; but he expects his price to be beaten down until a fair sum is agreed upon, and this has now become so universal a custom in all dealings with the Chinese that foreign residents know how to act in accordance; but not so poor Jack, who often gets most unmercifully fleeced.

We had to proceed a very considerable distance through the streets before we arrived at the gates of the city proper, as the suburbs are very extensive. The part of Canton enclosed by walls is about six miles in circumference, and has a partition-wall running

east and west, and dividing the city into two unequal parts. The northern and larger division is called the old, and the southern the new city. The walls are of brick, on a foundation of sandstone, and are twenty feet thick, and from twenty-five to forty feet high, with a machicolated parapet. A-cum conducted me through Tung-ching-mun, the eastern portal, into the city, and then, turning sharp round, we ascended a flight of steps and gained the summit of the walls.

All weedy, covered with rank grass, moss-grown, and falling rapidly to decay, are these walls now. In a past era, one so far remote that America was not then even known to civilized nations, these walls were raised, and their very structure shows how far advanced, even in those days, the Chinese were. Time has rolled on; with the march of improvement America has risen to the most prominent position among nations, while China, held back, kept under by despotic rule, has steadily retrograded. I could not help pondering upon this as I paced those battlements and gazed down upon the vast, dense city at my feet. As the bastions at the angles were crumbling to dust, so I thought would the empire eventually become enfeebled by sheer old age, the dread of innovation inherent in its sons preventing them from endeavoring to save it by progressing in accordance with other yet younger nations. The honey-combed cannon, trunnionless and dismounted, lay with their muzzles buried in the weeds; they did not even hint at pleasant peace, they merely foretold ruin and stagnation, the fruits of anarchy, corruption, and idolatry.

We walked for some distance round the walls, and then descended to the streets in what appeared to be the most densely-populated part of the city; in fact it was very difficult to advance, though the natives courteously made way for me. These streets (or rather alleys, for they are never more than eight feet wide) are paved with small, round stones, and no such thing as a cart or truck is to be seen in them, all burdens being borne upon bamboos placed across the shoulders of the natives. Now and then a warning cry would tell of the approach of some potentate, and quickly all pedestrians drew on either side to allow the official *kien-yu* (sedan) to pass unhindered. The rank of a mandarin can be ascertained at a glance, as the color of the button upon his skull-cap indicates it. When the conveyances of two of these officials meet, the sedan of the one of inferior rank halts until that of the superior has passed, and in cases where there is a very wide difference of grade, the junior alights and makes profound obeisance. Although the streets are so narrow, goods are much exposed outside the shops, and surrounding every fish-monger's are large tubs containing various members of the finny tribe. When a customer makes a purchase, the vendor draws from the water the fish selected, and with a peculiarly-shaped chopper cuts it open; this vivisection seems cruel, if one may judge by the writhing of the victim, but the Chinese will not eat fish which have died from exhaustion. The officephall are very tenacious of life, and, even when their entrails have been removed, exhibit signs of animation; when irritability ceases, and the flesh no longer quivers under the knife, the fish deteriorates in value.

The lower orders of the Chinese subsist chiefly upon fish and rice, and, as the seas and rivers abound with a multitude of species, their expenses for food are exceedingly small—necessarily so, for a coolie has to work hard for ten cents a day. In one fish-monger's tub or tank, I noticed several specimens of the *Calliodon chlorolepis*, a scaroid fish, called by the Chinese the "scaly kingfisher," because it has bright celandine-green, orange, and yellow colors. *Trachyderi*, or "ribbon-fish," and *le-yu*, a kind of reddish carp, are also favorites with the natives. In the butchers'-shops, dog is exposed for sale, as are also rats, moles, and other animals not considered edible by Christian nations. Black dogs only, are eaten, and the price of their flesh is about one cent per pound higher than pork. Ducks, skinned and dried in the sun, deer's-sinews, sharks'-fins, *huc-san*, or *bêche de mer* (*holothuria*), cuttle-fish, and many kinds of zoophytes are also marketable commodities. The duty on salt effectually prevents fish being preserved in any other manner than sun-dried and smoked.

A-cum conducted me into a manufactory, or rather artist's atelier, where many natives were engaged painting upon porcelain. The finest kind of ware is produced at Nankin and sent to Canton to be beautified and completed; though the manufactory of porcelain at King-tih-chin, of *Jon-leang-hien* in Jaou-chow, is one of the most ancient and famed in China. The *yew*, or glaze, is made of *ting-pih-shih*, an azure-white stone, and the ashes of *fung-wei-tsou*, a species of fern, perhaps an ophioglossum. An intelligent-looking man, over whose shoulder I was peeping, produced a slab of porcelain and asked what he should

paint upon it for my edification. I named a flower—the sacred lotus. A few strokes of the artist's dexterous brush and it was before me; the rose-tinted calix perfect, the leaves and blossoms seeming to spring into life at each touch of the painter's magic pencil, while the coloring was vivid, warm, and clear, and the artistic finish excellent.

Out again into the streets; the pathways seemed more choked by the multitude than ever, and the air was filled with noisome effluvia. My conductor draws me to one side, as the din of gongs and tom-toms breaks upon the ear, and a procession is seen advancing.

"What is it, A-cum?" I inquire.

"*Kwei-jin*" (a dead man), he says, laconically.

Then, seeing by my face that I do not understand him, he adds. "One piecë man have makë die, gala. Him fiend go puttëe he down-side; allo garlëe too muchëe *huen*" (weep incessantly).

It was a funeral. In the van came about a dozen females clad in *sang-fuh* (mourning-garments made of sackcloth), their hair dishevelled, their habiliments carelessly adjusted, weeping, wailing, and gnashing their teeth in evidence of sorrow; so deep appeared to be their affliction, that two supporters were required to uphold each mourner, and the air was rent by the shrill outpouring of their grief. But A-cum assured me that this anguish was all simulated, that they were professional mourners, hired by the relations of the deceased to do their share of the lamentation business, at so much *per diem*. Who can say that the Chinese are not a stoical race, when they reduce even the exhibition of feeling to a mere question of dollars and cents?

The coffin (*kew*) containing the defunct, was a long, heavy case, made of camphor-wood (*chang-muk*), and covered with hieroglyphics; from its dimensions it might have been the sarcophagus of a giant.

"You likëe go top-side, look see plenty?" inquired my cicerone; and, on my expressing myself willing to follow him anywhere he pleased to go, he entered a *tang-poo*, or pawn-shop, wherein were seated several Chinese busily engaged playing *chac-mei*, a game much in vogue. It is something like the English game of forfeits; the players sit in a circle, and one of the party, throwing out his fingers, calls a number to which the others respond. Whosoever misses the cue, and fails to utter the proper number, has to imbibe a cup of *tsu* (wine) or *sean-tcheou*, a villanous spirit extracted from rice. The fun consists in "catching" the same man so often that his libations make him tipsy, and he amuses his companions with dithyrambs and comicallities. Disgusting and absurd as this appears, I doubt whether it is much more senseless than some of the games played in Western countries.

"*Hauu tien, tsun kea*" (A fine day, sir), said the pawnbroker, saluting me civilly. Then he called a coolie and directed him to show us the way to the roof of the building.

The edifice was a heavy square tower, of gray granite, with loopholes to admit light. From base to roof was, I judge, at least a hundred and twenty feet, and, as step-ladders served for stairs, the ascent was fatiguing; but, when we emerged into the open air and gazed around, the magnificence of the prospect fully repaid our toil. The red, crenated roofs of the houses beneath us resembled a field of peonies, and the streets, teeming with busy life, appeared mere gutters through it. Far away to the westward, the sinuous river shone in the mellow sun-rays like a belt of burnished gold, while on the opposite hand the mauve-tinted White-cloud Mountains towered toward the jazel-dome of the cloudless heavens. Interspersed through the city, grim, gaunt, and skeleton-like, stand many watch-towers; these are for the purpose of easily detecting conflagrations, which, when they do occur, are very devastating, by reason of the streets being so narrow. Upon the roof of every house stand large jars filled with water, so as to be handy in case of fire. Upon the parapet of the pawn-shop were many huge fragments of rock; these, my guide informed me, were to be hurled below in the event of a band of robbers attacking the place.

After regaling my eyes for some time with the bird's-eye view A-cum had obtained for me, I prepared to descend. I stepped first through the hatchway, my guide following, but I had not proceeded half a dozen steps when a ludicrous accident happened to me. The coolie who accompanied us closed the trap-door above our heads, leaving us in darkness, which seemed all the more intense from our having just previously been standing in a flood of light, and almost the next step I made I fell over the balusterless side of the ladder. For a couple of seconds I own I felt frightened, for a sudden idea came to me that I was shooting down to the base of the tower; but, as I brought up

on a bale of cloth about six feet below, I had to lie for a moment and indulge my risibility, for A-cum, having heard me fall, was "hi-yah-ing" and swearing in his own vernacular at an awful rate; uncomfortable visions of the retribution which would await him for having been accessory to the death of a Western barbarian no doubt rising before him. He heaved quite a long-drawn sigh of relief when I laughingly assured him I was "allo plopper, no have breakëe."

From the pawn-shop we proceeded to the *fa-chang*, or execution-ground—the same spot where the infamous Viceroy Yeh caused above fifteen thousand of his fellow-countrymen to be beheaded in one year. It is a blind alley, about ten yards wide and a hundred long; the entrance being unprotected by gates of any description—there is no need for it to be defended, the natives shun even the precincts of it. A-cum would not go beyond the entrance, so I walked down the lane alone. The ground in many places was literally saturated with gore, which had become indurated by the sun, and absolutely formed a deep-crimson upper-crust to the earth. Ranged along the wall, on the left-hand side, was a pile of skulls—by rough computation I should judge at least two thousand—some of them bleached to chalky whiteness by the sun, others with portions of hair still attached, and a few, ghastly and hideous, with withering skin and rotting flesh still clinging to them. Half-sickened, and wholly disgusted, as I turned away I felt more republican than ever. A-cum had witnessed an execution, and he described to me the method of decollation. The mandarin having arrived upon the ground, the *sha-show*, or executioner, produces a long, heavy, double-handed sword, the instrument used to behead (*sha-tow*) the victim. The jailors bring in the condemned, who has his hands tied behind his back. He kneels and is made to touch the ground with his forehead toward the north, as an act of reverence to the emperor. When rising, the executioner strikes him on the back part of the neck with his sword, generally managing to dexterously sever the head from the trunk at one blow.

Soon after leaving the *fa-chang*, I saw a person advancing toward us, one glance at whom told me he was a Briton. He was attired in the light calico costume usually favored by Europeans in the East, and wore for covering to his head a broad-brimmed hat, made of the pith of the shola (*Paludosa eschynomene*) tree, that was light and quite impervious to the piercing heat. This kind of head-gear the English, with their usual habit of adjusting any native word to their own comprehension, invariably call a solar hat. It reminded me of the head-piece which the Abellani used, mentioned in Virgil's "Æneid":

"Tegmina quæ caput raptus de subere cortex."

It is a universal custom for foreigners to exchange salutations when meeting in the streets of an Oriental city, even though they are perfect strangers to each other. This fashion proved of service to me, for, on entering into conversation with the gentleman I met, I ascertained that he was a missionary, resident on the Shameen, but well acquainted with the city and the language of the natives. I had not spoken with him five minutes ere, with true Eastern hospitality, he asked me to dine with him, and assured me that if I would do so, he would have much pleasure in showing me a few of the "lions" of Canton, as his ecclesiastical labors had, for that day, terminated. Of course, I gladly accepted his courteous offer, and, dismissing A-cum, gave myself, *pro tem.*, into clerical custody.

Mr. Parkes first conducted me to the temple of the five hundred deities. As may be supposed, an edifice containing such a number of shrines was of very large proportions, but I did not consider the decorations equal to those of the Honam joss-house; moreover, the idols were much smaller, and a great similarity of feature was noticeable in all, though one, by-the-by, differed much from the others. This was the great navigator and pioneer St. Francis Xavier, who was adorned in nautical costume, having a shiny tarpaulin hat perched upon the back of his head, a blue jacket, and white pants. There were a few statues of goddesses, some of them represented with three or four pairs of limbs; they were worshipped for the same reason that instigated the Roman matrons to seek the shrine of Lucinda, and the maids that of Diana.

My new-made friend, with the tact of a clever cicerone, saved the chief attraction till the last; this was the Temple of Longevity. Though not so large as some of the other joss-houses, it far surpasses them all in architectural beauty. Centuries have rolled away since that fair edifice first saw light, yet it still contains many evidences of its pristine magnificence. Almost the whole of the structure is of marble, and, in places not much exposed to the weather, may be de-

tected traces of its having been adorned with chaste sculpture; but the wide stoop which leads up to the chief entrance, and even the portal itself, is now hoary with years—drooping gradually to decay, withering under the finger of Time. The shrines in the interior are very costly, and the whole appearance of the place indicates that it is better kept than the others. Though I saw much to admire in the halls of worship, the vaulted roofs of which, adorned in the arabesque style, were very handsome, it was in the gardens that the chief attraction for me lay.

At the first glance, they reminded me forcibly of the old-fashioned wedgewood ware, known as the "willow-pattern." A lake of considerable size lay in the centre of the grounds, and a skeleton bridge, of a single span, led to a pretty arborescent island in its midst, from the bright foliage of which a mimic pagoda reared its nine-horned head, its azure and gold glittering in the slanting rays of the setting sun. The water in this lake was partially covered with *fou-ping*, a sort of yellow duckweed, because it was used as a stew for fish, but the other end was devoted to the culture of the sacred nelumbium that broke the surface of the water with its peltate leaves and showy flowers, while the elegant water-cypress (*Cupressus pendula*), like the weeping-willow, shadowed its depths with its pensive foliage. The sacred lotus (*Nelumbium*) excels by far all other aquatic plants, both in perfectness of structure and delicacy of tint. A slender stem, six feet in length, upholds a broad calyx from ten inches to a foot in diameter; the leaves are white as snow, and just tinged with the purest pink, while in the centre lies the fruit, an inverted cone of light green, and from around this spring gold-tipped anthers. It has a sweet and delicate aroma that never clogs the sense; the Chinese call the *Narcissus tagetta* the "water-angel flower," but the nelumbium, sublime in its purity, grace, and exquisite fragrance, is goddess of the pool. The amber glow in the western sky was burning into scarlet, and the shadows of evening were lengthening around when we reluctantly left this pleasant place; so, taking a short cut down to the river, we engaged a boat to take us to the Shameen. I was somewhat fatigued by my wanderings when I arrived at my host's house, but I was fully ready to acknowledge I had spent the time delightfully, and to this hour I recall with pleasure my first day's experience in Canton.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

III.

IN the good old time before the late war, a gentleman of Virginia, whose name, if I chose to set it down here, would be recognized as historical, enjoyed a great social popularity as a *raconteur*, and many festive gatherings have been enlivened by his recitations in character. Of all his many stories, none had a greater success than an account he used to give of a famous pump-handle dispute between two negroes in the ancient borough of Norfolk. To give the good points of this remarkable interlocution would be as idle and hopeless an attempt as to repeat at this moment, from memory, a speech of Sergeant S. Prentiss; but the manner in which the dispute originated, and the climacteric of the principal orator, I distinctly remember. The parties had gone to the town-pump to get water, and one having taken hold of the pump-handle, the other deposited his pitcher under the spout. Thereupon arose objurgation and animated debate in the presence of a constantly-increasing crowd of negroes, intent on obtaining their morning supply of water. Both claimed priority of possession. "Go long away from here, nigger! didn't I hab hole of de pump-handle fust? and if I hab hole of de pump-handle, how you gwine git water?" Here was a practical difficulty, certainly, if not a logical one, for, if the right to the pump, for the time being, did not flow from the actual grip of the handle, neither did the water flow from the pump itself into the pitcher of the contestant. But the latter was as fluent as the pump, when most vigorously plied, and came down upon his adversary with a torrent of argumentative eloquence which caused him to relinquish his claim, and slink away from the field. *Abiit, cessit, erupit.*

"You say you hab hole of de pump-handle fust! what good it do you if your pail ain't under de spout? And how does you dar to argify and sputfy a pint of law with me, when you knows I se a lawyer's survent, and ben sweepin' out Lawyer Taxewell's offis dese fifteen years! You acts sence to gib it up to de superior mind.—Dar he goes! he done gone! hee! hee! hee! you see dat nigger running

away? He libs round de corner, and he sneezes out a grocery—hee! hee! hee! hee!"

"Argufying a pint" is a very common thing with the Southern negroes, and the evening rarely passes away, in the plantation negro quarters, or in the kitchen, without an argument. In Mr. Sheppard's sketch we have the orator drawn to the life. He is violently enforcing an opinion upon an audience of two persons, one of whom, the old man,

expresses a contemptuous dissent, while the other, the old woman, who is shelling peas, takes sides alternately, only interrupting the speaker when she conceives that her "ligion" has been assailed. It is not in the least necessary to the purpose that any one of the trio should know what they are talking about, and the old Scotchman's definition of metaphysics might well apply to the whole disputation. Indeed, an intelligent comprehension of the subject might operate as a restraint upon the freedom of the discourse. Whatever the subject may be, and however perfectly or imperfectly they may understand it, we are at no loss whatever to understand our artist. The attitude of the speaker, the gesticulation of his non-concurring hearer, and the sudden challenge expressed in the countenance of Aunt 'Cindy, all



"ARGUFYING A PINT."

furnish a clear outline for the manner of the argument, while many little *genre* touches of the interior, such as the horseshoe over the fireplace, and the make-shift support of Aunt 'Cindy's chair, suggest the economy of the household, and to some extent the character of its members.

The gift of voluble speech, so often manifested in the negro race, is an interesting matter for study with all who are engaged in the work of the

freedman's education. It seems to set aside the Latin maxim of *orator fit*, for in the case of the negro, *orator nascitur* is much nearer the truth. He has had no training, but such as his faculty of imitation has supplied from hearing the great revivalist preachers at the camp-meetings, and the stump-speakers on the political hustings at the court-house. But he will get up and declaim with a command of language—nervous, impassioned, electric, highly imaginative, and fearfully dislocated language—without a pause or a hesitancy, for hours. Educated speakers of the Anglo-Saxon race have I known who would give themselves up to a torrent of eloquence, as resistless to the speaker as to the hearer, and be carried away, they know not whither, the stream sometimes broadening and deepening into



"BEGINNING AT THE BEGINNING."



"BEGINNING AT THE END."

majestic calm, and sometimes hurrying them hopelessly, helplessly over a Niagara chasm, but it was with the curve of beauty in the final plunge, and with the rainbows of fancy playing around the descent. In all such cases, however, the speaker has had the stores of reading and reflection, and the resources of an originally fertile, and more or less cultivated mind, out of which to construct a raft to bear him as he went on. But the negro orator throws himself upon a tide of talk, without so much as a plank of political knowledge or literary reminiscence to sustain him, and goes on without coming to grief, for any distance or length of time. There have been episodes in the history of slavery in the Southern States, when this natural gift of frenzied declamation has so wrought upon the negroes as to deprive them at once of reason and humanity; as when Nat Turner, explaining the blood in the sky, and the voices in the air, incited his wretched followers to the assassinations of the Southampton revolt. Upon an educated audience of white people, it is true, the negro orator seldom produces an effect which his first absurd misuse of words and confusion of ideas do not immediately dispel, and yet visitors to the Southern State Legislatures have been astonished to hear the man of genuine African descent address the House with a tripping fluency and an unstudied composure that might be envied by any orator.

How far the faculty of public speaking will be modified among the freedmen by educating them is an unsolved problem, but the process of education is going on all over the South with results which are, perhaps, as effectively set forth by Mr. Sheppard's pencil as by any report that has yet been submitted to Congress. Here we see the boy of sixteen and the sexagenarian engaged upon their respective tasks.

"Beginning at the Beginning," is an illustration that, with the curious and plastic mind of youth to work upon, the teachers of the schools for colored people have been rewarded with a gratifying success. Our young friend Dick, in his fourth year of tuition, has reached his geography and is learning about continents, and seas, and islands, while old Uncle Ned, in "Beginning at the End," finds a world of perplexity as yet in the alphabet, and comprehends it as well from the side-view, or upside down, as right-side up. Now and then he recognizes an old acquaintance in some letter, and is capable of perceiving the resemblance between B and an ox-yoke, when this is pointed out to him, but for the rest he can only say that "dey don't 'scape my sagacity." Poor old Ned! "Beginning at the end" can never accomplish any thing, and, if we are compelled to believe that you will never master the alphabet, we may find consolation in thinking that, after all, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

IN THE PORCH.

Al! sweet, in the summer evenings,
When the day's fierce heats are done,
When the strifes and the cares of labor
Have flown with the sinking sun,
Just to sit in the leafy shadows,
With the darkness dropping down;
Till the Night, like a queenly matron,
Sits crowned with her starry crown.

Just changing our gold for silver,
The sun for the placid moon,
When the nights are soft with slumber,
And sweet with the scents of June;
Till our thinking is naught but dreaming,
And, far from all sordid things,
We soar from a world of sorrow
'Mid the shimmer of angels' wings.

While the rustle of leaves above us,
Just stirred by the breathing airs,
Falls sweet through the solemn silence,
As the whisper of saintly prayers,
But still with a touch of sadness;
Just a dream of the dying day,
Or the sound of a voice, long silent,
From one that has passed away.

When over the jasmine-petals,
And over the woodbine-blooms,

All the loving airs that linger,
Are laden with sweet perfumes;
Half-drowning the drowsy senses,
Till the grasses, under our feet,
Sigh, breathing the scents of the roses,
And drinking the dew's so sweet.

Calm, the Queen of the Night, up yonder,
Looks down through the drowsy air,
As she pines in her lonely splendor,
And envies a world so fair—
So fair with its buds and brightness,
So rich with its golden store,
So great in the grand hereafter,
So proud of the days of yore.

Then give me the golden season—
These nights in the summer's prime—
When the stars are the poet's teachers,
And the world seems wrapped in rhyme!
Sweet, sweet is their stilly silence,
That speaks to the spirit best;
Still bearing its burden of blessings—
And the boon which it brings is rest.

Ah! fair are the skies above us,
And fair is the earth beneath;
While she gather her garlands of roses,
And fashions her royal wreath:
For the voice of the golden Summer
Floats far through the skies above,
As she sings in her queenly garden—
And the song that she sings is love.

A RARE WORK.

IN a little town of Normandy, far from the high-roads on which travelers pass year after year in their haste to reach Paris, there is a precious treasure hidden, which is almost unique in its curious nature and its great importance. It is nothing but a piece of worsted-work, made by an elderly lady; but it is also an historic document of equal value with the most famous paintings on Egyptian tombs, and the most renowned sculptures found among the ruins of Babylon. For what these show us of the life of races, whose very dust the earth knows no more, the so-called Tapestry of Bayeux tells us in graphic images of our own ancestors.

The *toilette de Guillaume le Conquérant*, as the curious work is commonly called in France, was for six hundred years utterly hidden and forgotten in the beautiful cathedral of the small Norman town. A French *savant* found by chance, in the manuscripts of the great Foucault, a colored engraving, which claimed to represent a part of the famous tapestry. Father Montfaucon immediately began his search for the unknown treasure, and, after having travelled nearly over the whole of France, he discovered it at last, more than a hundred years ago, in Bayeux. Great was his delight when the original was unrolled before his eyes, but greater still when he found that it far exceeded in size the drawings which had first excited his enthusiasm. Even the good priests of the cathedral were not a little surprised, when they had been suddenly made aware that the pretty drapery with which they were in the habit of adorning their church on feast-days, had such matchless value and importance. Fortunately, they appreciated its preciousness, and guarded it henceforth carefully, exhibiting it only once a year, for a week, to the crowds which then throng the cathedral. During the storms of the revolution it was exposed to grave dangers, and the presence of mind of an humble police-officer alone prevented its destruction by a number of reckless drivers of a military train, who had taken possession of it, and were on the point of cutting it to pieces, in order to use them as wrappings for the uniforms with which their wagons were loaded.

It seems but fair that the careful guardians of this great work should have been allowed to retain the pride of their church; at all events, they have jealously refused all offers and resisted all efforts to remove it to Paris. The work is so fragile—nothing but colored

worsted on coarse linen—that it appears little less than a miracle to see it still perfect after so many centuries. Assyrians and Egyptians engraved their records on stone, and set thousands of men to the work. Here, tender women wove a great historic drama in delicate tissues, and yet all is full of life and vigor, clear and distinct to the eye, and sympathetic to the heart!

The work consists of a piece of linen, eighteen inches high and two hundred and twelve feet long, on which a continued series of pictures is embroidered in coarse worsteds, once brightly colored, but now sadly faded. The outlines of the figures were originally drawn with a bold hand and an artistic eye on the linen, as may be clearly seen wherever the worsted has worn off, and at the two ends, where the work is not quite finished; but the artist's skill can hardly be said to be much superior to that of his ancient brethren of Babylon or Egypt. The principal scenes occupy the middle ground of the long strip of linen, and the figures are here generally a foot high; along the two edges runs a border about five inches high, formed of an infinite variety of animals, men, and flowers, and containing among these arabesques thirteen fables of Æsop.

Tradition says that this famous *toilette de Guillaume* was the work of the hands of his pious wife, Mathilda, who embroidered it to do him honor, and then presented it to his half-brother, Otho, Bishop of Bayeux. The learned De la Rue, however, ascribes it to another Mathilda, the wife of Henry I., who was an Englishwoman by birth, and hence more likely to use the Anglo-Saxon words and names with which the work abounds, than her French predecessor. This question has led to most lively discussions between French and English writers; but whoever may have been the real author of the rare work, so much is admitted, that it must have been accomplished in the very days of the Conquest, for only a contemporary could be familiar with certain details which it contains. It is this fact which gives such very great historic importance and interest to this work; for no period has perhaps been represented so differently by various authors as this, according as the writer belonged to the conquering race of the Normans or to the succumbing natives of England. The embroidery gives faithfully the reality in all that could be represented outwardly, and thus decides finally and unconsciously all questions save those of the inner life.

The whole sad tragedy of the Conquest is treated like a drama; divided into three acts of fifty-five distinct scenes, separated from each other by a tree. The first act contains fifteen scenes, and tells the story of Harold's mission to Normandy, his captivity, and his delivery through William. The second act, in nine scenes, represents the duke's wars in the Bretagne, and the oath which Harold swore to him in the Cathedral of Bayeux. The third act, finally, consisting of thirty-one scenes, gives an account of the struggle in England and the victory of the Normans. Continuous legends in Latin furnish the explanation of each scene, and the names of the principal personages.

The picture is full of deep interest, not only on account of the numerous details with which no historian, and even no chronicler, would have cared to encumber his pages, but also because of the naïve candor with which even acts are told that are by no means creditable to the Normans. Thus we see the gorgeous scene, where William forces Harold to swear that he recognizes the Norman duke as the legitimate heir to Edward's throne, and pledges his honor to assist him in asserting his right. We know from contemporaneous writers that Harold had only agreed to swear on so-called lesser relics, so that the breaking of his oath would have involved no very grievous sin according to the casuistry of his age. But the ingenious artist shows us how the cunning Norman outwitted him; for we see how Harold, after the ceremony, finds to his horror that under the cloth of gold which covered the reliquary a copy of the Gospels had been concealed.

Another scene of special interest is the coronation of Harold, which he accepted from his Anglo-Saxon lords in spite of his oath. He is seated on his throne, with Bishop Aigaud, who had crowned him, by his side, while several members of his gorgeously-apparelled suite anxiously watch a comet which had just appeared in the heavens, and, according to the belief of those days, foretold grievous calamities. After the Peace of Amiens, and when all France was eagerly expecting the landing of a French army on the coasts of England, Napoleon sent for the *toilette du Conquérant*, and examined it carefully. It is said that he was especially struck by the comet, and said much about his star, since at that time also a comet had made his appearance.

A great puzzle to learned men has ever been the absence of all references to the landing in England on the tapestry of Bayeux, while all the other scenes follow each other in regular and unbroken succession; the setting out in boats from the Norman coast is immediately followed by a picture of preparations made for a huge feast on English soil. Nothing is said of the famous fall of William, which he skilfully converted into an effort to seize the British Isles, nothing of brave Taillefer, marching proudly before the great army.

The battle of Hastings is very graphically represented in a number of groups and scenes. The fluctuating successes, the gradual exhaustion of the Saxons, the revived courage of the invaders, and at last the mortal wounding of brave Harold by a fatal arrow, are all distinctly seen. The Latin inscription, *Fuga verterunt Angli*, ends this rare work of the eleventh century. There follow only a few outlines of figures drawn on the linen, as if death had surprised the skilful worker with the needle in her hand.

If this was really the Conqueror's loving wife, she found her reward for her love's labor during her life as well as in the unceasing admiration of posterity. Soon after her husband's elevation to the throne of England she followed him across the channel, and was in her turn crowned with the golden diadem in the ancient town of Winchester. She returned afterward to France, where her ashes rest in the former capital of Normandy, in the so-called *Abbaye aux Dames*, in Caen, which she had founded and caused to be built in the purest Norman style. On her tomb we read the words: "She loved piety; she comforted the poor, and for herself she only knew her riches to share them with the friendless!"

CAMPO BELLO.

THERE are few more beautiful views than that to be obtained from the hills in the rear of Eastport. From this position the eye commands the blue waters of the Passamaquoddy with its countless island-gems. Opposite the city, and between it and the open ocean, lies the island of Campo Bello, which geographically should belong to the United States, but which is in reality a portion of New Brunswick. It is mostly inhabited by fishermen, whose principal settlement bears the name of Welsh Pool, and possesses quite a number of comfortable cottages, a few stores, and a small Episcopal church. If one desires seclusion, and is not too much annoyed by a craving for the refinements of Newport or Saratoga, he can, for a short time, thoroughly enjoy himself on this wild island. To be sure, it is too near the chilly currents of the Bay of Fundy to offer desirable sea-bathing. The water is icy cold even in midsummer, and the man must indeed be pachydermatous who would risk many minutes' exposure to it. Fogs are rather too frequent, but in their absence the air is delightful. The scenery is exceedingly beautiful, the boating excellent, and sufficient out-door attractions of various kinds exist to occasion a fierce appetite and intense enjoyment of the generous hospitality of the islanders.

In 1868 these good people had not entirely recovered from the excitement of the Fenian raid on the border, and the boys still sang a defiant parody on our familiar "Tramp! Tramp!" The chorus ran—

"Beneath the Union Jack
We will drive the Fenians back,
And they'll ne'er invade New Brunswick any more."

Either from the effect of the song, the vigorous measures adopted by our government in sending General Meade with an armed force to Eastport, or from some command emanating from the headquarters of the mysterious brotherhood, the hallowed soil of the provinces escaped pollution. Possibly, the knowledge that they would be compelled to meet a regiment or two of well drilled and organized regulars and volunteers on the British side, hastened the Fenian retreat. At one time, however, the danger was considered sufficient to warrant the presence of an English man-of-war off the island for the protection of the inhabitants. The crew were accustomed to try their guns upon the Friar's Face, a remarkable column of rock, which was much more striking before the chances of war occasioned its selection as a target. Even now, the bold promontory upon which it stands is, at low tide, well worthy of a visit.

A road traverses the island from Welsh Pool to a bay on the opposite side, called Herring Cove. The name is much more appropriate than would have been one more classical and euphonious, as it has a

direct application to the staple production of the region. A large bar of sand has been thrown up by the furious action of the not infrequent storms, which, at times, fling the wild waves over it, into the lagoon behind.

Protected by the bar, a fresh-water stream finds its way into the sea. Buried in the sands of the secluded beach are said to be the remains of an old ship of which even tradition has lost the record. It is simply stated that her beams were of mahogany, and therefore it is not impossible that she may have been built in the West Indies; *ergo*, she certainly must have been a pirate. Upon what stormy night was she beaten upon the shore? Who were her crew? and did any one survive? These were a few only of the questions suggested by the story told us amid the roaring of the breakers. Some Longfellow or Irving may yet weave a romance from the raw material here offered.

It is very fatiguing to walk upon the loose gravel of the beach, and the visitor will, in consequence, soon seek the high cliffs, or climb along the weedy rocks at their base. The forests are so thick and impenetrable that it is with much difficulty one can make his way through them, and, weary with the futile exertion, he will be glad to rest near some precipice and idly cast stones into the sea. Around him lie the dainty shell-boxes of the sea-urchin, picked clean by the crows. Indeed, for a naturalist devoted to sea-side studies, we can recommend no more favorable locality than this island. The beautiful medusæ which float with rhythmic pulsation, in the clear, cold water, appear to be of various species, and many of them of great size. One small, transparent, whitish variety reminded us, except for its evident lightness and fairy delicacy, of a paper weight of glass hung about with silken fringes, and into the clear disk of which an enamelled cross had been impressed. There is truly much of scientific interest in this and the other islands of the Passamaquoddy, and in Grand Manan beyond.

Provided with sufficient means of refreshment, it is a pleasant jaunt to the head of the island. The tedium of the walk is relieved by a sail across Harbor de Loup, a somewhat broad inlet of the sea. Sitting where the cool breeze is blowing from the ocean, we enjoy our ample luncheon, and after an unequalled *siesta* turn into the homeward road. It is a different and much longer one than that by which we came, as it entirely avoids Harbor de Loup. It passes through beautiful forests, by cool springs and streams, and near the wooded height known as Bunker Hill. Why this little mountain should possess so American a name it is impossible to say, unless in some provincial's mind there existed an unreasonable doubt as to the result of a certain memorable battle.

It is said that the lower end of Campo Bello, near Quoddy Head, is quite as romantic as the portion already described, but of this we cannot speak from personal observation. We left the island at the "Narrows," and crossed by ferry to Lubec, in Maine, bearing away with us most delightful memories of our temporary summer home.

POETICAL LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blows in their garden-bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears."

THE language of passion and of poetry which has for its outward symbols perfumed and richly-tinted blossoms had its birth-place in the sunny East. But the literature of every age and every clime is full of allusions to it, showing that the idea of making flowers the symbols and exponents of states and feelings, as well as qualities of the mind, had taken deep root at a very early period.

In Persia, even to this day, flowers are made symbolical of the passions and emotions of the mind. Let us even trace it back to remote antiquity, and still we will find that flowers, beautiful flowers, are ever the burden of the song. Especially is this with the Greek idyllists; even the martial Pindar twines blossoms around his trumpet; and Anacreon adorns with them his wine-cup, and sings of Venus as "the mother of the rose." Plutarch, the grave old historian, tells us that Euterpe, the muse of Music, was crowned with flowers, as was also Concordia, the goddess of Concord, and Copia, the goddess of Plenty; while the jovial god Comus wore garlands of flowers emblematical of joy and gladness.

Every ancient historian agrees in the fact that, with almost all na-

tions, every religious ceremony or festive celebration was performed with the aid of flowers. The head of the victim and the head of the bride were alike decorated with flowers; they were wreathed around the altar, and scattered on the funeral-pyre, and strewed on the path of the conqueror, whose brows were decorated with a laurel crown.

We need but briefly advert to the Latin poets and historians. Virgil is full of flowers; as is Ovid; so is Horace.

In the poetry of modern Italy, France, Spain, and Germany, we find scattered throughout many a delicate and fanciful sentiment, embodied under the guise of a flora's emblem.

Goethe it was, if we are not mistaken, who first called flowers the "stars of earth," to which Longfellow alludes, when he says:

"Spake full well in language quaint and olden—
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine—
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine."

Even in England, with its bleak, ungenial climate, although, as a system, the language of flowers was not known until introduced, after the return of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, from Turkey, we find numerous allusions in the older poets tending to show that the idea was quite familiar at an early period. Shakespeare says that in his day "fairies used flowers for their characters," and his own writings are full of floral similes and figurative expressions referring to flowers. Just so with the poetry of Spenser, Drayton, Ben Jonson, and many others of the early dramatic and pastoral poets, and even with Milton and the later poets, down to those of our own day. In all, there is no end of allusions to floral emblems.

Nothing is so well calculated to produce the more elevated feelings in the human breast as a love and relish for the simple beauties of Nature which everywhere surround us; still more does a love of flowers, and an interest in their history, associations, and meanings, serve to identify us with the happiness of the whole great circle of Nature to which we are united, and, in our hours of leisure and relaxation, to awaken those latent sympathies from which all the moral and intellectual greatness of man are derived. The wonders and glories of the heavens, the marvels and beauties of the earth, are all created by the same hand that formed the flowers, and ever proffer to the inquiring mind a constant banquet of innocent pleasure.

To the mere sensualist, the delightful language of flowers is comparatively meaningless. He may use it to give utterance to the passions and emotions of his mind; but he sees not in them the revelations of the love and wisdom of their Maker, and associates with them no hopes of a beautiful and blessed hereafter. Yet the flowers do speak a language, not only of passion and sentiment, alike exalted and refined, but of pure morality and fervent piety, as has been so beautifully expressed in the following lines:

"A flower is not a flower alone;
A thousand sanctities invest it,
And, as they form a radiant zone,
Around its simple beauty thrown,
Their magic tint becomes its own,
As if their spirit had possessed it."

To those who may wish to become acquainted with what we may call the grammar of the language of flowers, and so be able to send messages and letters of sentiment, friendship, and civility, as they do in the East, where, as Lady Montagu says, there is not a color, a weed, a flower, fruit, or herb, that has not a meaning to it, the following elementary rules may be of some interest. We can promise them that they will find this grammar neither so elaborate nor so uninviting as that of Lindley Murray:

The first rule to be borne in mind is, that the pronoun *I* or *me* is expressed by inclining the flower to the *left*, and the pronoun *thou* or *thee* by inclining it to the *right*. This rule applies in every case where the flower is a real one; when, however, it is only a representation or drawing of the flower upon paper, these positions must be reversed, so that the symbol flower leans to the breast of the person whom it is to signify.

The second rule is, that the opposite of a particular sentiment, expressed by a flower presented upright, is denoted when the flower is presented reversed. Thus, a rose-bud, sent upright, with its thorns and leaves, means, "I fear, but I hope." If the rose-bud is returned upside down, it means, "You must neither hope nor fear." If the thorns are stripped off, the signification is, "There is every thing to hope;" but, if the leaves are stripped off, "There is every thing to fear."

By this it will be observed that the signification of almost every flower may be varied by a change in its position. We may give, as examples of this, the following: A marigold-flower, placed in the hand, means "trouble of spirits;" on the heart, "trouble, or love;" on the bosom, "weariness." The pansy, held upright, denotes "heart's ease;" reversed, it expresses the very contrary. A pansy, presented upright, says, "Think of me;" and, when reversed, "Forget me." The wall-flower—the emblem of fidelity in misfortune when presented upright—if presented with the stalk upward, intimates that the person to whom it was turned was unfaithful in the day of trouble.

Numbers are represented by leaflets, running from one to eleven; from eleven to twenty, berries are added to the ten leaves, as required; from twenty to one hundred, compound leaves are added to the other ten for the decimals, and berries stand for the odd numbers. A hundred is represented by ten tens; and this may be increased by a third leaflet and a branch of berries up to nine hundred and ninety-nine. A thousand may be symbolized by a frond of fern, having ten or more leaves, and to this a common leaflet may be added to increase the number of thousands. In this way, any given number may be represented in foliage, such as the date of a year in which a birthday or other event occurs, in which it is desired to make an allusion in an emblematic wreath.

Thus, if a person wished to present his lady-love with a mute yet eloquent expression of his good wishes on her eighteenth birthday, he might do it in the following manner: Within an evergreen-wreath (signifying "lasting as my affection"), consisting of ten leaflets and eight berries, he might place a red rose-bud ("pure and lovely"), or a white lily ("pure and modest"), its spotless petals half concealing a ripe strawberry ("perfect excellence"); to this might be added a blossom of the rose-scented geranium ("expression of my preference"), a peach-blossom (to say, "I am your captive"), a fern for "sincerity," and a bachelor's-button for "hope in love."

With the foregoing basis for this delightful language of flowers, we feel sure that our fair readers, with that quickness and readiness of comprehension which distinguish their sex, will be enabled to understand the application of the rules we have given.

The floral emblems of the days of the week and the months of the year are as follows:

MONDAY—a leaf of the lotus or water-lily, half represented light, half dark, the lotus being considered in the East as

"The emblem and cradle of creative Night."

TUESDAY—a leaf, half light, to signify the heavens, and half blue or sea-green, meaning the waters, in reference to the second day's work of creation.

WEDNESDAY—a leaf divided into three colors: light for the heavens, blue for the waters, and green for the earth.

THURSDAY—a green lotus-leaf, on which is placed a flower figurative of the sun, created on the fourth day.

FRIDAY—a leaf on which an insect is feeding, symbolizing, "Let the earth bring forth the living creatures."

SATURDAY.—The leaf for this day is filled with fruit, for, "I have given you every herb bearing seed, and every tree, in which is the fruit."

SUNDAY—simply an olive-leaf, sacred to peace and rest.

JANUARY is represented by a robin, encircled in a garland of sweet-scented tussilago; since the one cheers our dwellings at this season with its presence, while the other regales the early month with its fragrance.

FEBRUARY has a wreath of snowdrops, surrounding a pair of goldfinches; this being the month in which these flowers appear, and also birds begin to couple.

MARCH is distinguished by the hieroglyphics of a bird's-nest encircled by a branch of the almond.

APRIL.—For this month we have a linnet on her nest in the midst of a bush of

"The vernal furze, with golden baskets hung."

MAY.—A nest of young birds, clamorous for food, in a hawthorn-bush in full flower, symbolizes this month.

JUNE has a wreath of flowing grapes, encompassing a branch of ripe strawberries.

JULY—a bunch of red cherries, entwined with the fragrant, purple thyme.

AUGUST is represented by a coronal of wheat, barley, and oats, encircling ripe plums.

SEPTEMBER has a cluster of purple grapes, with a wreath of hops.

OCTOBER is represented with various colored China asters and clusters of hazel-nuts.

NOVEMBER has a garland of flowing ivy, with turnips and carrots in the centre.

DECEMBER is woven with a garland of holly, with its glossy, green leaves and vermilion berries, from the centre of which hangs a branch of mistletoe.

DISCOVERIES IN POMPEII.

DURING the eruptions of Vesuvius, which destroyed the ancient city of Pompeii, those who delayed too long in making their escape fell victims, for the most part, to the pernicious effects of sulphuric and carbonic acid gases, and were rapidly covered by the showers of fine dust following the eruption, which, gradually hardening, formed perfect moulds of the unhappy beings who so miserably perished, from which admirable casts are taken, showing their forms, features, expression, and attitude, when overtaken by death. At the beginning of the excavations little attention was paid to these natural moulds, only a few having been partially cast and preserved, the most remarkable of which were those of a husband, wife, and child; the husband at the moment of death pressing tightly to his breast nineteen pieces of gold and ninety-one pieces of silver, which were found fixed to his ribs; the wife had let fall a coarse linen cover, in which were found fourteen bracelets, gold rings, ear-rings, and jewels of less importance.

It was only, however, in 1863, that M. Fiorelli had the happy idea of filling those natural moulds with a peculiar solution of plaster, by which process the victims are reproduced in their integrity.

The first group reproduced was composed of a man, a woman, and two young girls, who had remained within-doors until too late; when they attempted to escape by the windows or terrace, they were suddenly asphyxiated, and covered by the dust, which faithfully preserved the contour of their forms.

In 1868, a body thus reproduced was that of a man who had fallen face downward, whose countenance was the very image of despair and suffering—his clinched teeth and crisped hands eloquently expressing the agony he had endured.

Next in interest is the form of a woman who had fallen on her back, whose right hand leans upon the earth, her left raised, as if trying to ward off danger. To aid her flight, she had raised her vestments. Her form is tall and elegant, her admirably-arched foot, encased in strong sandals, being a favorite subject of study to artists. On one of her fingers is a silver ring, while near her were found gold ear-rings, a silver mirror, and an amber statue representing Cupid. Her hair in the front forms three rows of ringlets, and falls, plaited, over her back, in the manner of the Voltaire *perruque*.

A remarkable group of three persons has been admirably cast, which is in the highest degree interesting. A man of tall stature and powerful build, with strongly-marked features, prominent cheekbones, heavy beard, and mustache, is the principal figure; he held in his hands the ear-rings of the two young girls who followed him, and the key of his house, and looks the *beau idéal* of an old Roman legionary. Over his head he had thrown the corner of his mantle for protection against the noxious gases or the falling dust and cinders, the expression on his face and that of his two daughters being suggestive of suffocation.

There is something touching in the spectacle of the two sisters who followed their father, in the precise attitude as they fell, supporting each other, breathing the same poison, and dying entwined in each other's arms. Both of the figures are of beautiful forms and proportions.

There is something inexpressibly sad in the aspect of this group, moulded by Nature in the agony between life and death, as they vainly attempted to escape from the doomed city.

With the means now at the disposal of M. Fiorelli, he will be able to form a museum representing the race, beauty, costume, and unhappy fate of the inhabitants of Pompeii, which will henceforth be of inestimable value to students of art and history.

TABLE-TALK.

THERE is always a difficulty in definitions.

If one word includes the expression of any particular class of virtues, we are generally quite restless until we can extend it so as to cover all other classes of virtues. The word *gentleman*, for instance, which should be properly limited to describe that man who has breeding, culture, and refinement, is used in almost utter disregard of its proper significance, and is applied to every male person who is not a thief or a vagabond. A lady assured us the other day that her coal-heaver is a perfect gentleman, and was quite honest in her assertion; but the sole reason she had for bestowing this honor upon her dusty servitor was the compliant good-nature exhibited by that individual. Good-nature is a virtue; a gentleman has virtues; *ergo*, good-nature makes one a gentleman. A man may have qualities that make him better than a gentleman; an honest, simple-minded, manly fellow is entitled to our fullest appreciation, but we only confuse ourselves if we use the wrong term to describe these qualities. In a similar way there has been no little confusion recently in an argument that has arisen as to whether Charles Dickens was a Christian. We find some writers characterizing the inquiry as an impertinence; this we do not concede. Dickens is before us as a teacher and as a guide; and it is very proper for us to ascertain whether his example in all things can be safely followed. That Dickens was a Christian in the strict, orthodox sense of that word, is not claimed by his friends; but, on account of his kindly spirit, his humane sentiments, his genial tenderness, and his eloquent inculcations of charity and brotherly love, it is vehemently asserted that, in all essential things, he was a true Christian. We even find this sentiment enforced from some of our pulpits, and paraded with great pomp of diction in some of our religious journals. Of course, this argument is essentially, radically, and mischievously false; it is a mere sentimental glamour, very taking, no doubt, to certain minds, but it is one of those unscientific processes of thought, now so common, which lead to the confusion of all logic, empty words of all distinctions, and make of all argument a chaos. To Charles Dickens let us give the fulness of his due. Let us not merely acknowledge the splendor of his genius, but confess that his writings have exercised an admirable influence upon the public heart. Let us concede that he has supplemented two or three of the teachings of Christianity more eloquently and more effectually than any other writer that ever lived—and this is the highest of praise. But don't let us for a moment assume that his humanitarianism is or can be a substitute for Christianity, or that it, except in an imperfect and incomplete way, represents Christianity. Christianity is a definite and simple thing. It consists of certain dogmas of faith as well as of rules of conduct. Sympathy and kindness form a portion of Christian duty, and are truly excellent things; but, if we assume that they constitute the Christian creed, then the Church and all our religious organizations

have no necessary or suitable purpose, and the hundred thousand temples that dot the land are useless mockeries. The preacher in such a case might be appropriately supplanted by the novelist, and the whole spiritual relation of our souls to things divine would yield to an exaltation of our relation to things human. Those pastors and others who so enthusiastically lift Dickens's humanitarianism to a level of Christianity scarcely can know what they are doing. They are simply telling the world that the whole Christian theory as it has been expounded for eighteen centuries is a mistake—making good-nature and kindly sympathies convertible terms for faith and prayer. Assuredly these men can sufficiently admire the genius of a great novelist without emptying Christianity of nearly all its significance in order to do so. They can build a monument to the fame of a good man without pulling down the columns of the temple.

— New York has many peculiar advantages as a summer residence, notwithstanding the general exodus of its wealthy families at this season; but there are a few things that might be added to its summer resources with general approval. The Central Park is a great and beneficent institution, but our harbor, and bays, and rivers, which cost us nothing, contribute far more than the drives and walks of the park to our health and pleasure. With such superb water-courses as we are provided with, he is a dullard who cannot discover abundant out-of-door means for enjoyment. But within the town itself we need several things. One is a suitable summer theatre. The regular theatres have their "summer seasons," but usually these differ only from winter seasons in having depleted companies, and in affording opportunity for various melodramatic wanderers from the provinces to show their quality. Rude melodramas, rude actors, and stifling auditoriums, make up what is called a "summer season." If we could have a centrally situated theatre, roomy, airy, and well open at the sides, cooled by currents of air, ornamented with a little grateful shrubbery, with a garden at hand, if possible, for summer refreshments, and with vaudevilles and the lighter comedies choicely acted, the enterprise would meet with warm—let us rather say earnest—welcome. Our German friends have somewhat driven out the old idea of a summer theatre, for now every thing of the character is organized to secure the patronage of the music-loving and lager-drinking Teutons. At the numerous music-gardens in the city, for instance, there is too much smoke, too much beer, too much confusion of waiters and clatter of dishes, too many noisome consequences of this drinking and smoking, to render visits to them entirely enjoyable to the American taste. Niblo's Garden originally was some such theatre as we are hoping for. The auditorium was always cool, pleasant, quiet, and its general atmosphere pleasant; while in large saloons within easy reach viands were dispensed. One took his seat in the spacious and always cool parquet at eight o'clock. A pleasant little play, very nicely acted, was the first offering; then there was a half-hour's saunter in the ad-

joining gardens, and a dish of ice-cream by way of refreshment; then came another brief vaudeville, or parlor comedieta, and at a little after ten o'clock the agreeable entertainment was over. We have nothing of the kind left us that is nearly so pleasant. The music-gardens, with all their noisy and rude conditions, are something very different. The next time a theatre is built it would be well to so construct it that at the proper season it could be converted into an open, dramatic garden for summer resort.

— We had the pleasure of attending, on June 22d, the Commencement of Vassar College, at Poughkeepsie, memorable as the first female college of the world. It is a noble institution, with magnificent buildings finely situated amid agreeable scenery in a high and healthful situation. All its appointments are on the most liberal scale. It has a laboratory, a museum of natural history, a library, an observatory, and all the other usual adjuncts of a well-endowed seat of learning, and has, besides, a gallery of art containing the best collection of water-color paintings in America, including four by Turner; a gymnasium and riding-school on a large and liberal scale, a lake for boating in summer and skating in winter, and a domain of two hundred or more acres laid out partly as a park and partly cultivated as a farm. The site of the institution is remote from the town, and offers no temptations to extravagance or needless expense. The girls are admirably lodged and have all the comforts they can require under the roof of their college, and as much out-door exercise and amusement as they can possibly desire. The whole establishment, in short, is a superb one, not inferior in any respect to the best-appointed college in the land. The faculty are intelligent, liberal, and capable persons, and the good result of their teachings in morals and manners, as well as in arts and sciences, is clearly shown in the appearance and conduct of the students, who number nearly four hundred. The demeanor and general appearance of these young ladies sufficiently testify to the thoroughness and skill with which they have been trained to their proper vocation of becoming graceful and intelligent beings. We do not wonder, however, at the success of their training. The native material was evidently good, and a girl who could pass a year at Vassar, and not be improved by it, would be indeed a marvel of wrong-headedness.

— Travel in the United States has so greatly improved in a few particulars within the last three or four years that complaints of its discomforts now would almost seem a mere grumbler's habit, and not entitled to respect. These improvements, some of them most welcome, have been confined principally to the construction of larger, finer, more convenient, and more comfortable cars. A long journey by rail, as it had to be taken ten years ago, was the nearest approach to purgatory one could well have. The writer has a vivid recollection of a long, hot summer day in a rail-car that was pretty nearly the most tormenting experience he ever had; he was crushed in the narrow seat between the window that wouldn't open and an enormously-fat gentle-

1870
man,
than
there
abund
the r
avoid
ing
noy
travel
is nee
contin
to eve
in gra
might
imprac
suns
in eve
ure-se
other
motive
gate o
now gr
and so
tlicable
Think
comfor
monarc
supply

in our
been op
on the
others,
baths
boys, w
luxury
underst
tions, a
the wat
portant
necessa
rooms'
to the
while t
greatly
rious ch
for othe
public b
tioned a
tance fr
of us,
places t
would b
chor the
commun
would fi
such a
riously,
ing-room
with aw
bars) for
a daily s
able conc
plan for
out.

M. A
a work of
acknowled
the subject

man, who occupied at least a third more space than his ticket purchased; there was no air; there was too little space; there was an abundance of dust—in fact, the discomfort of the ride was frightful. All now could be avoided in our spacious and agreeable drawing-room cars—all but the dust, and this annoyance, which still exists to the torment of travellers, is in the direction our next reform is needed. Assuredly, this nuisance need not continue. Sprinkling-cars could be attached to every train; the tracks could be planted in grass; one or both of these remedies might be availed of, as neither of them is impracticable. Just at this season, when suns are hot, droughts often prolonged, and in every direction tens of thousands of pleasure-seekers are whirled from one point to another behind swift and dust-scattering locomotives, it is frightful to think of the aggregate of distress arising from dusty roads now endured. The new cars are ventilated, and so the heat is escaped so far as practicable; but the dust, the cinders, the sand! Think of these enemies to every traveller's comfort, you Vanderbilts and Fisks and other monarchs of the rail, and begin at once to supply the imperatively-needed remedy.

— We have now free public river-baths in our city, and this is well. One has just been opened on the East-River side, and one on the North; these are to be followed by others, as soon as they can be built. These baths are likely to be principally used by boys, who, however, are prone to indulge in the luxury of bathing to excess. The bathers, we understand, will be put under strict regulations, and no one be allowed to remain in the water over twenty minutes. This is important as a sanitary precaution, and is clearly necessary in order to prevent the dressing-rooms' being monopolized excessively long, to the exclusion of other applicants. But, while these free public baths are well, we greatly need swimming-baths of a more luxurious character, and more favorably situated, for other portions of the community. Our public baths have heretofore always been stationed at the wharves, and at no great distance from the sewers; and hence, to some of us, they have not been very inviting places to visit. If some enterprising person would build suitably-furnished baths, and anchor them out in mid-stream, establishing communication with the shore by boats, he would find his reward, we should judge. Let such a bath-house be thoroughly, even luxuriously, fitted up, with well-furnished dressing-rooms, with handsome lounging-rooms, with awnings for shades, with saloons (not bars) for refreshments. Think what a luxury a daily sea-bath would be under such agreeable conditions! There is a fortune in the plan for somebody, if it is properly carried out.

Literary Notes.

M. ALEXIS PIERRON'S "History of Greek Literature," recently published, a work of six hundred pages, 18mo, is generally acknowledged to be one of the best sketches of the subject ever issued by the French press. The

principal efforts of the master-minds of Greece, and the peculiar features of the schools of Ionia, Athens, and Alexandria are reviewed with both good judgment and severe impartiality. In the concise and elegant language of M. Pierron, the reader obtains correct ideas of the influence of poets, epic and lyric, from Homer to Pindar; of philosophers, sages, and historians, from Xenophon, Thucydides, Sophocles, Socrates, and Plato, to Aristotle, Herodotus, Hippocrates, Demosthenes, Plutarch, and Proclus.

A charming little work, entitled "Vital Force," has just been published in France by M. Félix Hément, which is in every way worthy of his previous productions. In the perusal of those pages, in which depth of thought is allied with eloquence of style, we have the advantage of perceiving human science estimated at its proper value, and, judged from a lofty point of view, while acknowledging that physiology can never afford the slightest indication of the existence or non-existence of the soul, he concludes, at the end of a powerful chain of reasoning, that the soul is a distinct entity of vital force.

Signor Filippo Zamboni has just published, in Italian, a very interesting volume of historical and literary studies, which contains an important chapter on the condition of women in Italy in the fourteenth century. The author also fully investigates the question of the slave-trade in Italy, which, notwithstanding the effects of Christianity, existed up to the sixteenth century. Heretics sold Christians, and Christians sold heretics; while at Rome it is said that a mart for Capuan female slaves existed up to A. D. 1501; though what this last statement means, we confess we do not clearly comprehend.

Messrs. Dodd & Mead have commenced the publication of a new series of juvenile books by Jacob Abbott, entitled "The Juno Stories." Two volumes of the series, neatly illustrated and gayly-bound have appeared. Mr. Abbott explains that his object in this series is to enforce that sort of religious instruction which acts not merely upon the understanding but upon the heart. Mr. Abbott's skill in juvenile story-telling is well known; and these volumes are as pretty in appearance as they would seem to be interesting in matter.

Prince Edouard de la Tour d'Auvergne has published a very important work upon the battle of Waterloo. The French, German, and British documents referred to in it, are compared with each other with the most complete impartiality. Several noteworthy errors, perpetuated by most of the historians who have succeeded each other, have been rectified, and a more reliable history of this great event is consequently offered to those interested in its study.

An old Philadelphia favorite, the *City Item*, which has now for some twenty-three years come weekly to enliven our sedate friends of the Quaker City, will, in September next, be converted into a daily journal. Mr. Fitzgerald, its founder and present proprietor, will bring to his aid five sons, all to the manner born and trained, and, with this small regiment of Fitzgeralds, the Philadelphians may look for the multiplication of the *Item's* well-known sparkle and brilliancy.

Lippincott's "Pronouncing-Dictionary of Biography and Mythology" has reached its seventh part, coming down to C. A. This dictionary maintains its high reputation as it proceeds.

Poor Mr. Buckle will no longer lie alone in his grave at Damascus. The late Countess Teleki, daughter of Lord Langdale, who died there, and was an admirer of the historian, directed that she should be buried near him.

The German translators of Dickens's latest novel are in despair. They say that none of his previous works offered the difficulties that the present one does.

At length there is a ladies' newspaper in India, the *Bungo Mohila*, or *Woman of Bengal*, published at Calcutta in Bengali, and edited by a Hindoo lady.

The great monastery or palace of Tassiaudon, in Bhootan, with its large Buddhist library, has been destroyed by fire.

Mr. Dickens made fifty thousand dollars by his last series of London readings.

Scientific Notes.

A COMPLETE section of subterranean galleries, underneath the city of Paris, measuring in all no less than four hundred miles in length, is now terminated. The sewage of the city is thus carried far beyond its limit by the aid of powerful steam-engines, and, instead of merely falling into the river Seine at a lower point, is utilized as far as possible in manuring the barren stretches of soil over which it is led, the residue, being purified and clarified by sulphate of aluminum, falls into the river in a limpid state, and is free from all disagreeable odors. The old gravelly plain of Gennevilliers over which cast-iron conduits are led, in connection with the main sewer, is rapidly being transformed by the fertilizing agency to which it is subjected. Previous to 1869 the land in this plain was almost worthless, only patches of the soil being worked, and the results generally speaking being miserable. In the brief space of one year, however, the sewage applied to it, in both solid and liquid forms, has changed the face of the district, five thousand acres of which are in a beautiful state of cultivation, yielding in abundance all kinds of crops, fruits, vegetables, and market produce. The land in it is rapidly being occupied by nurserymen and market-gardeners.

About twenty thousand tons of maize are yearly imported into France from the Danubian Principalities and the south of Russia, the greater portion of which is consumed in distilleries. In the most of the distilleries, the crushed grain is boiled with acidulated water, which transforms the starch into sugar; the excess of acid being saturated with chalk, the wort is fermented, and the alcohol separated by distillation. The residue left by the process, however, cannot be used for feeding cattle, and has hitherto been of no value. Messrs. Tilloy, Delaune & Co., distillers at Courrières (Paa de Calais), after much experimenting, have succeeded in deriving an excellent manure from this substance, the results of which compare favorably with those of guano. Prepared in the form of powder, it is easily transported from one place to another. Analyzed by M. E. Pleiffer, a well-known chemist, it is found to contain 8.47 parts of water, 68.35 parts of organic matter, 4.60 parts of azote, and 18.58 parts of mineral matters. Containing a large proportion of phosphate of lime and salts of potash, besides the azotic substances, it possesses all the elements of a first-class manure.

It is allowed by all geologists that the Isthmus of Suez is the bed of an ancient sea. But

how it became dry has not yet been decided; some observers are of opinion that its present condition is the result of an elevation of the land, while others maintain that the true cause has been a subsidence of the sea. M. Rey de Morande, who has examined the locality, and has just published an essay on the question, says that there is no evidence of elevation of land, and thinks that the sea, which once covered the isthmus, has been gradually dried up.

Professor Vedzie, of Michigan, has made a report relative to the alleged magnetic wells, in which he asserts that water is "not capable of receiving and retaining that peculiar state of polarity called magnetic," but that the magnetic property is developed in the iron tubing of the wells; and that iron tubes of the same dimensions, suspended in a vertical position in earth, air, or water, would exhibit the same magnetic phenomena.

Liebig continues dangerously ill. He has recently submitted to two operations for a very painful abscess in the shoulder, and continues very weak, but perfectly clear and cheerful, although believing that death is near.

Miscellany.

The Villa Pallavicini.

WE quote, from Mr. Sargent's "Skeleton Tours," a most suggestive and valuable little work for travellers, the following description of a famous villa near Genoa, Italy:

"After seeing the town (Genoa), drive a few miles to the Villa Pallavicini, not usually visited by travellers, but more remarkable than any gardens in Italy, or possibly in the world. The estate is kept in order by twenty directors, eight gardeners, and thirty assistants, the usual pay being two to three francs a day; you pass from the house on to a superb terrace of white marble, having a very extended view over the city and the Mediterranean, as far as the mountains of Corsica; below, a series of terraces, with white-marble balustrades and steps—these terraces bordered by espaliers of oranges and lemons, twenty feet high, and standard camellias (ten to twenty feet high) of every color, in full flower; these were interspersed with large azaleas and rhododendrons, also in bloom. From the other side of the house you enter (through avenues of laurel and laurestinus, heath in flower, twelve to fifteen feet high, eight or ten varieties of holly) the beautiful Grecian temple in white marble, with exquisite frescoes. On the other side of this is a long Italian walk, bordered by vases, and planted with dwarf oranges in fruit, with a background of firs, and terminating in another beautiful temple. From this again you pass through narrow, tortuous walks, to a little rustic cottage, designed to show the contrast between high art and simple Nature. Ascending through dense woods of holly, laurel, Portugal laurel, and sweet bay, surmounted by majestic Italian pines, you come suddenly upon a wild, picturesque fall, the water brought five miles, forming a small lake, in which the fish are fed at a cost of two dollars and fifty cents a day. This walk, with occasional stopping-places, indicated by rustic seats, leads to the summit of the mountain, upon which is a ruined tower, with superb views in every direction. Descending the mountain through similar plantations, you come, amidst dense undergrowth of yew and holly, upon some ruins, intended to represent a city destroyed

by war—mossy and ivy-grown. A turn in the walk suddenly brings you in front of a cavern of stalactites, brought at great expense from every part of Italy; you pass through intense gloom and shadow for some way, presently emerging into a lighter cavern, thirty feet square, the crevices of the rocks overgrown and draped with ivy and parasites, admitting sufficient daylight to perceive a large lake, occasionally appearing and disappearing between the columns and walls of the cavern. Your guide now saluting you, says, 'Addio, signor! I shall again behold you in the Temple of Flora!' and suddenly leaves you. Presently, in the dim, distant windings of this mysterious cavern, a gilded boat appears, propelled by a picturesque Charon; you enter, and, after several minutes of alternate light and shade, passing through narrow, gloomy passages, where the dimmest light is only seen, and again into large caverns—luminous through crevices in vaulted roofs of rock—you suddenly emerge into the bright sun in a beautiful little lake. In the centre is an island, on which stands a most charming and exquisitely-sculptured temple, containing a statue of Diana; at some little distance, in the water, are four statues of the Tritons. There are several other small islands, connected by Chinese bridges, elaborate in color and gold; under one you have, from your boat, a most exquisite view of the Mediterranean, some seven hundred feet below. On another side of this little lake is a charming garden, surrounded by dense, umbrageous plantations of arbutus, oleander, and laurestinus, containing a parterre exquisitely laid out and planted in azaleas and camellias, of every shade of color: in the midst stands a lovely little temple of purest marble, called the Temple of Flora. Here you disembark, and are again received by your former guide, who informs you that this grotto and lake cost nine hundred thousand francs, and occupied four hundred men daily for two years to complete it. Passing a cork-tree, said to be the largest in Italy, you come to a rustic bridge leading to a summer-house, beyond which is a swing. On crossing the bridge, a loose plank touching a spring covers you with water; running into the rustic-house to get rid of this, you find yourself the centre of four horizontal sheets of water. If you attempt the swing, you are drenched from all the adjacent trees."

A Country Parson in the Eighteenth Century.

A musty diary of a poor country parson in England, in the eighteenth century, which was recently found among some old papers, edited and published, is full of quaint details of the daily life of such men, and throws a light on many strange customs since become obsolete. The diarist shows us that he was a parson only on Sundays and days of preparation, and at other times a jack-of-all-trades; yet ever ready to visit the sick ones of his little flock, to write letters for his illiterate neighbors, or to go on horseback upon errands for them, none of these things being considered too unimportant for entry in the diary, the pages of which are half-filled by records of the part taken by the domesticated worthy in the affairs of the household, such as: "In the evening I minded my family;" "got my family up, and their breakfasts;" "helped my love to serve the calf, then supped, and put my little ones to bed;" "took my little daughters upon my mare, and carried them to school." Other entries call up the old diarist paving the shippen, helping his love—by which term he invariably designates his wife—and his son to gather crowberry, hay-making, "reaping my wheat with Mary

Richmond," cutting turf on the fells for the winter fires, mowing the chapel-yard, or fetching coals from Preston, and taking a supply of them to the dame's school, "for my daughters Mary and Ann to warm 'em by this winter."

The almost numberless references made by the diarist to pots of ale would be more noteworthy, were it not remembered that in his day beer was the common drink on all occasions. The old man records that, after a morning service, "being in a cold, and the day cold," he resolved to get "a gill of hot ale." Two of the worshippers entered the country public-house with him, and a pint served for the three, "pence a-piece" being paid for it. On another Sabbath, after receiving a legacy—"wanting money, I refused it not, but accepted it"—he went to the ale-house and spent two pence "on my love and Alice Martin, and paid Thomas Walmsey quarterage." Frequently, a pint of ale, with a pennyworth of brandy in it, sufficed for himself, his love, and a friend; and often the entry of the quantity is clinched by the extra note, "and no more." At times, the journey home from the little chapel was broken by sundry calls for penny pots of ale, even when "Richard Parkinson's daughter" was riding pillion behind him. On some occasions the fact of his daughter Mary's thirst, of the congregation not having gathered, or of "a mighty rain of thunder," is urged as the reason of an adjournment to the vicinity of the inevitable penny pot, or for the ordering of another gill, to which at times the old preacher ate a pennyworth of gingerbread, or kindled his tobacco, and "smoked one pipe, and no more."

Although undoubtedly the old divine lived so as to make all his days Sabbaths, it is somewhat startling to read of men coming to his dwelling on Sundays to ask for the loan of a horse for ploughing, or for payment for a cheese, or even of the minister himself receiving legacies on the sacred day, or, after preaching a funeral sermon, sitting a while in the hope of receiving payment, "but I got nothing" being the end of the entry.

If food was cheap in the diarist's district, wages were very low. Carpenters were paid at the rate of a shilling a day; a smith was satisfied with a halfpenny for having fastened the mare's shoes; and when "old John Berry" claimed eightpence a day for repairing the stone-work of the house, Walkden thought the amount excessive, and offered sixpence; "and he and my love had some words about it, but in vain." A girl alluded to as "Ben's daughter" is rewarded with a penny for helping the minister with eight hundredweight of coals at Preston: a similar amount is paid to the hostler wherever the mare is put up. Thrashers were paid fourpence a day; a thatcher ninepence a day, and his assistant received sixpence for three days' work and a journey of nineteen miles. The diarist's son received thirty shillings and his food "to do husbandry" from Candemas to Michaelmas; and a scrivener agreed for a shilling "to instruct son Henry a fortnight in writing." An extra penny a day was allowed to a workman who is alluded to as "finding his own victuals."

The Wife's Because.

It is not because your heart is mine—mine only—

Mine alone;

It is not because you chose me, weak and lonely,

For your own;

Not because the earth is fairer, and the skies

Spread above you

Are more radiant for the shining of your eyes,

That I love you!

It is not because the world's perplexed meaning
Grows more clear,

And the parapets of heaven, with angels leaning,
Seem more near;
And Nature sings of praise with all her voices
Since yours spoke,
Since with my silent heart that now rejoices,
Love awoke.

Nay, not even because your hand holds heart
and life

At your will,
Soothing, hushing all its discord, making strife
Calm and still;

Teaching Trust to fold her wings, nor ever
room

From her nest;
Teaching Love that her securest, safest home
Must be rest.

But because this human love, though true and
sweet—

Yours and mine—
Has been sent by Love more tender, more complete,

More divine,
That it leads our hearts to rest at last in
heaven,

Far above you,
Do I take thee as a gift that God has given—
And I love you!

—*Adelaide Procter.*

Mrs. Browning and Lord Macaulay.

Mr. Milnes introduced me to Mrs. Browning, and assigned her to me to conduct her into the breakfast-room. She is a small, delicate woman, with ringlets of dark hair, a pleasant, intelligent, and sensitive face, and a low, agreeable voice. She looks youthful and comely, and is very gentle and lady-like. And so we proceeded to the breakfast-room, which is hung around with pictures; and in the middle of it stood a large, round table, worthy to have been King Arthur's, and here we seated ourselves without any question of precedence or ceremony. Mrs. Browning and I talked a good deal during breakfast, for she is of that quickly-appreciative and responsive order of women with whom I can talk more freely than with any man; and she has, besides, her own originality, wherewith to help on conversation, though, I should say, not of a loquacious tendency. She introduced the subject of spiritualism, which, she says, interests her very much; indeed, she seems to be a believer. Mr. Browning, she told me, utterly rejects the subject, and will not believe in the outward manifestations, of which there is such overwhelming evidence. We also talked of Miss Bacon; and I developed something of that lady's theory respecting Shakespeare, greatly to the horror of Mrs. Browning and that of her next neighbor—a nobleman whose name I did not hear. On the whole, I like her the better for loving the man Shakespeare with a personal love. We talked, too, of Margaret Fuller, who spent her last night in Italy with the Brownings; and of William Story, with whom they have been intimate, and who, Mrs. Browning says, is much stirred about spiritualism. Really I cannot help wondering that so fine a spirit as hers should not reject the matter till, at least, it is forced upon her. I like her very much.

I was too much engaged with these personal talks to attend much to what was going on elsewhere; but, all through breakfast, I had been more and more impressed by the aspect of one of the guests sitting next to Milnes. He was a man of large presence—a portly personage, gray-haired, but scarcely as yet aged; and

his face had a remarkable intelligence, not vivid nor sparkling, but conjoined with great quietude—and, if it gleamed or brightened at one time more than another, it was like the sheen over a broad surface of the sea. There was a somewhat careless self-possession, large and broad enough to be called dignity, and, the more I looked at him, the more I knew he was a distinguished person, and wondered who. He might have been a minister of state; only there is not one of them who has any right to such a face and presence. At last—I do not know how the conviction came—but I became aware that it was Macaulay, and began to see some resemblance to his portraits. But I have never seen any that is not wretchedly unworthy of the original. As soon as I knew him, I began to listen to his conversation, but he did not talk a great deal, contrary to his usual custom; for I am told he is apt to engross all the talk to himself. I am glad to have seen him—a face fit for a scholar, a man of the world, a cultivated intelligence.—*Hawthorne's "English Notes."*

British Pearls.

Pearls appear to have been known at Rome after the Jugurthine War (they are still found off the Algerine coast at the present day); but it was not till after the taking of Alexandria that they became universally fashionable in the imperial city. Previous to this, however, the fame of the pearls of Britain had reached the ears of Julius Caesar in Gaul; nay, Suetonius declares that the cupidity of the future emperor, who had a pretty taste for gems and *objets de luxe* of every description, was the main inducement for his first invasion of Britain, where he hoped to possess himself of some of these pearly treasures. After the occupation of Britain by the Romans, we find Caesar presenting a buckler, encrusted with Britannie pearls, to Venus Genetrix, suspending it as a votive offering in the temple of that goddess at Rome. Pliny takes care to mention that the inscription recorded their British origin (this alone implies that Oriental pearls must have been already well known), and he rather seems to disparage the gift on that account; but the Roman ladies were apparently of a different opinion, for Britannie pearls speedily became the rage, and enormous sums were given for choice specimens by the fair leaders of *ton* at Rome, Pompeii, and "shining" Baia, the Biarritz of imperial Rome. The Britannie pearls were held in peculiar estimation by these dainty dames for their pinky hue (at the present day those that come from the Persian Gulf are golden-yellow, and the Ceylon specimens mostly white), and the Oriental ones seem for a time to have gone more or less out of fashion. In reference to Britain, Tacitus, in his "Agricola," mentions that pearls of a "tawny-livid color" were frequently thrown up by the waves on its shores, and then collected by the islanders; but these, from the description of the tint, were in all probability bits of amber, rounded and polished by the action of the waves, such as may be picked up at the present day, after any great storm, on the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts. We should note, however, that the Venerable Bede, writing some centuries later, but quoting apparently from Solinus, says that "excellent pearls are found in the British seas, various in color, though principally white." Meantime, in the prodigal age of imperial Rome, while the husbands spent half their incomes on banquets of nightingales' tongues and Kentish oysters from the "Rutupian bottom," the latter being imported at fabulous prices, their wives, as Seneca hints, hung the other half from their ears in the shape of British pearls. Fashion, no less than his-

tory, proverbially repeats itself; and since gold and silver dust for the hair, African cosmetics, and other adventitious aids to beauty, after being a crying evil in Juvenal's days, have lately returned to us in full force, so likewise are British, and more particularly Scotch, pearls daily more sought after by the fair sex.

Brigham Young.

At the first glance, you would take him to be a successful bank or railroad president; and his quick, straight-forward, business-like manner carries out the impression. After he is seated, however, and you have a chance of observing his features more closely, the signs of a quality with which bank-presidents are not accustomed to deal begin to manifest themselves. He is both short and broad; but his thickness gives the impression of strength rather than corpulence. Although sixty-nine years old, there is no gray in his sandy hair, and his small blue eyes are keen and full of power. His head is large and approaching to squareness in its form, and his complexion is a strong, healthy red. His thin, firm-set mouth and large jaws express an indomitable energy. The general expression of his face is at once reticent and watchful.

In his greeting there was the blandness of an acquired rather than a natural courtesy. His voice is mild, even-toned, and agreeable; and I can imagine that he might make himself fascinating to women, most of whom find a peculiar charm in a playful and purring lion. He said but little at first, and (I thought) seemed to be holding himself secretly at bay for questions which I did not intend to ask. By-and-by, when I referred to the similarity of the scenery to that of Asia Minor, and led the conversation to the resources of the Territory, he spoke freely and fluently, and gave me considerable information concerning the remote southern counties. On all points of material growth he was frankly communicative. While he was talking, I studied his face sufficiently to detect the three chief qualities of his nature—great prudence, great determination, and great belief in himself.—*Bayard Taylor.*

Koordish Women.

Koordish women, who are any thing but idle, are very firm on the chapter of morals. Their virtue can be put to trial without danger, as, through constant intercourse with men, their character partakes of a manly firmness and decision. This free intercourse between the sexes will be considered rather strange, as the Mohammedan religion is at variance with such a custom. The Koords, like the nomadic Arabs, think little of the harem system which the Prophet has rendered compulsory for every believer; but, even if they were to consider it as one of the first commandments of their creed, the question is, How would they manage to comply with such an awkward regulation? They have, therefore, wisely decided on leaving it on one side, taking no notice of it. A Koordish woman knows every thing about her tribe's concerns, feuds, plans, and conspiracies; she is often the very soul and moving spirit of them. The wife of Omer-Agha, chief of the Milans, used to be the adviser, the secretary, the treasurer, of her husband. With the boldness of a man, she managed and directed the affairs of the tribe. Though only twenty-two at the epoch of her husband's death, she possessed the esteem of the elders of the tribe, and exerted a great influence over them. As enterprising and indefatigable as their men, the Koordish women are always on the alert, ever ready to jump on the saddle. Though not very elegant riders, these ladies keep pace

with their husbands during their wanderings. Their way of riding, as well as the red cloak worn by them, renders them scarcely distinguishable from the male members of the troop.

True Heroism.

At the battle of Aliwal, between the British and the Sikhs, in 1846, Captain C—, an officer on the staff of Sir Harry Smith, was struck down by a fragment of shell, which shattered his right thigh and hip-joint in a hideous manner. Some men of his troop, seeing him fall, obtained leave to run to his assistance, and in a few minutes he was on a stretcher, and being carried to the rear. The men were devoted to him, and they carried him through that dreadful field of slaughter with as much care as if conveying a baby in its cradle. When within a short distance of the staff-surgeon's tent, they came upon a private of their regiment, lying desperately wounded. The poor fellow looked up piteously and touched his cap, as he recognized his officer in agony on the stretcher. Captain C— called to the men to halt, and to raise him up slightly; leaning over, he soon saw the nature of the soldier's wound, which was far less dangerous than his own.

"Lift me out," he said; "I can't move; you lift me out; that'll do, gently—yes, that's broken, too" (as they touched his spine). "So—now carry him to the doctors; they can do nothing for me, not too late for him yet—just a little more so" (facing the enemy)—"that's it."

"But, sir—" remonstrated one of the men. "Be quick with him, then come back; I'm not likely to have left this," he added with a slight smile.

The men did as ordered, and, depositing the wounded trooper, they returned to Captain C—. He had not, indeed, left that; he lay facing the enemy still, and the playful smile with which he had addressed to them his last words lingered yet on his face; but his troubles were over; victory or defeat was now alike to him, and he had left the field of strife for that peaceful world where dwell the spirits of the just made perfect.

The instances of men hopelessly wounded refusing to monopolize the doctor, are by no means rare; and, if a battle-field is sometimes the scene of outrages at which humanity shudders, it occasionally provides us with instances of unsurpassed heroism and self-sacrifice.

The Memories of the Heart.

We may shred the moss-veil from the rose,
The blossom from the spray;
The bloom that pearls the luscious grape
A touch will brush away.
The vine may loosen from the tree
Which once it clung to fast;
But the heart will keep its memories
Till life itself be past.

The gold must die from sunset skies,
The purple from far hills;
The foam-flowers fade from opal waves;
Drought hush the babbling rills;
The earth grow cold and passionless
'Neath winter's bitter blast;
But the heart will keep its memories
Till life itself be past.

The flush will fade from cheek and brow;
The sweet smile wane and die;
The freshness leave the coral lip;
Tears dim the brightest eye.
Youth, beauty, hope, and happiness,
And love, may die at last;
But the heart will keep its memories
Till life itself be past.

The Jews of Berlin.

The latest statistical report of Berlin is highly interesting, and offers surprising facts. The population consists of ninety per cent. (nine hundred and thirty-one thousand) Protestants, six per cent. (forty-one thousand) Catholics, and only four per cent. (twenty-seven thousand) Jews. These three denominations show a remarkable social diversity. In scientific literature, in the most influential organs of the press, in the university, in the higher schools, among all societies for purely humane purposes, we find the Jews represented. The statistical report gives the explanation of these facts, and proves that the Jews of Berlin surpass the other inhabitants of that city in their attention to science. Of every hundred Jewish boys, fifty-seven attend higher schools; of one hundred boys of the other denominations, only twenty-seven. Of every hundred Jewish girls, sixty-six receive a higher education; while from the other denominations, only sixteen out of every hundred. There are in Berlin three hundred and fifty-eight families that keep private teachers or governesses in their houses. According to the proportional calculation of the whole number of families, fourteen private teachers would be the part assigned to the Jews; but, in fact, there are one hundred Jewish families provided with such persons, while, among the forty-one thousand Catholics, only twelve families are provided with private teachers. Fifteen per cent. of all new-born children are born not in wedlock; but, of the Jewish, only two per cent. The still-born of the whole number are four per cent.; among the Jews, only one per cent. Between the ages of one and five years, twenty-five per cent. die in Berlin; of the Jews, only seventeen per cent.

The Dead alive.

It would seem that the "*inspecteur des morts*" in France, whose duty it is to ascertain that persons about to be buried are positively and irrecoverably dead before granting permission for the interment, do not all perform their important functions with the amount of care which might be desired for the comfort of nervous invalids. Not long ago a patient called on a certain well-known Parisian doctor, who is a duly-qualified "*inspecteur des morts*." While waiting for the doctor's appearance in the consulting-room, he felt overpowered by the heat, and fell into a deep sleep on the sofa. The doctor, on entering, endeavored to wake the sleeper, but without avail. Coming somewhat hastily to the conclusion that his patient must be dead, he rushed off to the police-station, made the formal declaration of decease, and returned with two men and a litter to convey the body to the Morgue. Great was his discomfiture on finding the supposed dead man rubbing his eyes, and declaring himself much refreshed by his nap! Had he slept on but an hour longer he would have come to himself on a cool marble-slab, with a tap of cold water running on his head, and a piece of leather about the size of a plate *pour tout costume*!—a novel position, which might, perhaps, have frightened him to death in reality.

A Novelist's Opinion of "Lothair."

Mr. Disraeli's new novel has received three remarkable honors. First, it was, we are told, to have been telegraphed, bodily, to America; but the directors of the wire did not feel themselves justified in withdrawing it for so long as the process would require from general business. Secondly, the book is condemned by the ultramontane press in Ireland as the most immoral publication of the day—be it explained

that there is not an immoral hint or a sketch of immoral people in all the story—the word is used by the ultramontanes in the Vatican sense. Thirdly, it has been declared by one of the leading bishops of dissent to be "an extended parable," and the most valuable anti-Catholic publication that ever has been issued. I advise nobody to abstain from reading "Lothair" because somebody has said that he or she is disappointed. It is not constructed in accordance with the fiery dogmas of sensation fiction, and there are no criminals or vulgarities in it. But it is full of vivid sketches and of capital sayings, introduced without effort. For him that bath ears is not the boast of that great Russian lady a good boast, "She had seen both Jerusalem and Torquay!"—*Shirley Brooks*.

A Mexican Volcano.

The Ceboruco, a volcano in the neighborhood of Guadalajara, Mexico, has been in a state of eruption for more than a month. The eruption was preceded by two slight shocks of earthquake, and a rumbling noise which filled the minds of the inhabitants in the neighborhood with consternation. The crater, ever since, has continued, at irregular intervals, throwing out torrents of sand and calcined earth, and clouds of smoke; now and then great columns of fire rise to an immense height. By day and night loud reports follow each other in rapid succession. Masses of rocks, detached from the mountain-top, frequently roll down the steep hill-sides into the river Cuates, flowing at its base. Several individuals recently left Tequepespan to obtain a near view of the volcano; one of them, more foolhardy than the rest, ascended a summit to the right of the crater; but a fresh eruption having detached the mass of rock on which he stood, he rolled along with it into the crater, and perished miserably.

Round the World in Three Months.

Thanks to the completion of the Suez Canal and the railway across the American Continent, the world may now be circumnavigated in less than three months, as will be seen by the following itinerary. From New York to Paris, eleven days; from Paris to Port Said, head of the Suez Canal, by rail and steamer, six days; from Port Said to Bombay, by steamer, fourteen days; from Bombay to Calcutta, by rail, three days; from Calcutta to Hong-Kong, by steamer, twelve days; from Hong-Kong to Yeddo, by steamer, six days; from Yeddo to the Sandwich Islands, by steamer, fourteen days; from the Sandwich Islands to San Francisco, by steamer, seven days; from San Francisco to New York, by Pacific Railroad, seven days; total, eighty days.

Pennsylvania Coal.

The anthracite coal-fields of Pennsylvania, comprised in six counties, underlie four hundred and seventy square miles of mountain and valley, and, so far as yet discovered, contain the only anthracite deposits of the continent. More than forty million dollars have been absorbed in mining capital, and about the same sum in canals, and seventy million dollars in railroads, constructed almost solely as a means of transportation for coal. In the whole anthracite region there are about two hundred firms and incorporated companies, which have sent into the market during the past year about sixteen million tons of coal. Of the market production nearly six million tons were sent by the three great companies—Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, Delaware & Hudson, and the Pennsylvania Coal Company.

THE
rus
has just
Midl
sent for

"Oh
"my sp
I am gro
into the
After
gravelly
"I u
you,"

"Wj
"Yot
a mirli
a grave
"We

hesitation
relief:
marry m
"Me
"the do
his own

A sail
purchas
Throwin
two-doll
glance al
was a "c
drawer, I
was gone
found the
a little th
storekeep
threatene
proved be
dollar an
not have
talk, the
storekeep
thing he

King
in the m
recently g
coat for o
years long
summoned
my old co
your maj
"What a
"I believe
do you thi
I shall get
The King
opened it,
is your do
so comfort
yet."

In some
taining po
and cross
point them
dine sent
the address
elled perso
drugstis
method, w
bension of
a pestle an

The Kir
has begun
languages,
some of the
German.
translation
guage, with
low's. It i
and exhaus
His majesty
thes.

A Plute
ginia City,
electrical m
and cried
wagon, do
breaking the
safe distanc
up to his fu
remarked,

A thoug
story of Dan

Varieties.

THE following anecdote is told of Dr. Cabarrus, the great homeopathic physician, who has just died in Paris:

Mlle. Julia Barron was out of sorts, and went for him.

"What is the matter?" asked the doctor.
"Oh, I hardly know myself," she replied; "my spirits are terribly unequal. Sometimes I am greatly elated, and then I suddenly sink into the deepest melancholy."

After a moment's reflection, Cabarrus said, gravely:

"I am afraid there is but one way to cure you."

"What is it?" she inquired, eagerly.
"You must get married," he replied, with a mischievous twinkle of the eye, but still keeping a grave face.

"Well," said Mlle. Barron, after a little hesitation, followed by a long-drawn sigh of relief; "perhaps you are right. Would you marry me?"

"No, *monsieur*," replied Cabarrus, blandly, "the doctor prescribes, but he doesn't take his own medicines."

A sailor went into a shop in Milwaukee, and purchased goods to the amount of fifty cents. Throwing down a bill, he said, "There's a two-dollar bill; give me the change." A glance showed the storekeeper that the bill was a "V," and, hastily sweeping it into the drawer, he gave back the change. After Jack was gone, the man went to the drawer, and found that the bill was a "V," to be sure, but a little the worst counterfeit ever seen. The storekeeper went in search of the sailor, and threatened him with prosecution; but Jack proved by a comrade that he received but a dollar and a half in change, so that he could not have given the man the bill. After a little talk, the matter was allowed to drop by the storekeeper, who has probably learned something he did not know before.

King William of Prussia is not extravagant in the matter of personal apparel. His valet recently gave him a hint by substituting a new coat for one which he had worn two or three years longer than he ought, and was thereupon summoned to the royal presence. "Where is my old coat, Jean?" "I have taken it away, your majesty; it is no longer fit to be worn." "What are you going to do with it, Jean?" "I believe I am going to sell it." "How much do you think you will get for it?" "I believe I shall get about a dollar for it, your majesty." The king took his pocket-book from the table, opened it, and handed Jean a dollar. "Here is your dollar, Jean," said he. "That coat is so comfortable; bring it back to me; I want it yet."

In some parts of Germany every bottle containing poison is labelled with a death's-head and cross-bones as black as printer's ink can paint them. Every parcel of poisonous medicine sent to a patient has a similar label over the address. "Pray help me," writes a travelled person, "to urge upon our chemists and druggists the adoption of this very simple method, which is plainly within the comprehension of the dullest boy that ever handled a pestle and mortar."

The King of Saxony, in his seventieth year, has begun to study the Russian and Polish languages, with the purpose of translating some of the best poetry of those tongues into German. King John is the author of the best translation of Dante ever made into any language, with the possible exception of Longfellow's. It is especially valuable for its learned and exhaustive notes—in German, of course. His majesty uses the *nom de plume* of Philalethes.

A Piute Indian, who in the streets of Virginia City, Nevada, seized the handles of an electrical machine, quickly began a war-dance, and cried out, "Hi-yon, whoa, you stoppes wagon, do 'im small!" He was released, and, breaking through the crowd, took himself to a safe distance, and then turned, drew himself up to his full height, and, with great dignity, remarked, "Shoo fly!"

A thoughtful person thus muses on the story of Daniel in the Lion's Den: "How sad

it was for those poor lions, when Daniel was dropped into their den, to be compelled to go sniffing about him, and think how nice a small chop from the calf of his leg would taste, and be denied the luxury! It was rough on them lions; but it taught them self-Daniel."

A certain genial bald-headed gentleman, while in Paris, went one day to the Zoological Garden. The weather was warm, and he laid down on a bench. Presently he fell asleep, and he was aroused by a warmth about the head. An infatuated ostrich had come along, and, mistaking his bald head for an egg, settled down with the determined resolution to hatch it.

Parisian waiters were formerly noted for their extreme politeness. Now they are mostly insolent and impertinent. The *Figaro* says that the other day there occurred, at one of the most fashionable coffee-houses, the following conversation between a guest and a waiter: "Waiter, bring me the *Journal des Debats*." "I am reading it, sir," was the waiter's reply.

A little girl, on hearing her mother say that she intended to go to a ball and have her dress trimmed with "bugles," innocently inquired if the bugles would blow while she danced. "Oh, no," said the mother; "your father will do that when he discovers I have bought them."

The authorities of the Bibliothèque Impériale have detected a thief who has daily carried off a volume of the quarto edition of Voltaire from the reference library. After a week of vain attempts at detection they posted an assistant behind a screen, and the thief was seen to place the eighth quarto volume under his waistcoat.

A curious sect, calling themselves Jehovah's Band, have arisen in England. Their form of worship, in which both sexes engage, develops itself by blowing, whistling, shouting, jumping, wrestling, falling to the floor, and rolling over and kicking. On Sunday they hold continuous service, taking recess for meals only.

A donkey stubbornly refused to come out of a boat which had brought him across the Mersey; at last, after many kicks had been applied, and other persecutions of that kind, a man stepped forward, addressing him affectionately, "Come along, brother;" and the donkey obeyed at once.

When the wind blows violently, however clear the sky, the English say, "It is a stormy day." And, on the other hand, when the air is still, and it does not actually rain, however dark and lowering the sky may be, they say, "The weather is fine!"

Hood's description of the meeting of the man and the lion—"when the man ran off with all his might, and the lion with all his mane"—attained the acme of whimsical absurdity.

They say an Idaho girl puts on style, because she cleans her teeth with the but-end of a blacking-brush. She says she was brought up to be neat, and doesn't care what folks think.

At a recent trial in France the foreman of the jury, placing his hand on his heart, and with a voice choked with emotion, gave in the following verdict: "The accused is guilty, but we have our doubts as to the identity!"

King Pharaoh is dead. His first name was Sylvester, and he was king of the Montauk Indians. His tribe now numbers twelve persons.

A Missouri pig has rooted up two thousand dollars in gold, buried during the war, and forgotten by its owner.

On an Indiana railroad-train, recently, the conductor announced, "Martinsburg! Fifteen minutes for divorcees!"

If you want to be alone and solitary, go not into the woods, but into a great city, where you have no friend or acquaintance.

The crown-prince of Austria is said to be a dull, indolent, good-natured lad, who cares for nothing but dancing and music.

A man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds contains one hundred and eleven pounds of water in his tissues.

One hundred and fifty-six thousand three hundred and forty-two persons crossed from Dover to Calais last year.

A writer on physiology announces that if people would avoid quarrels, they should not sleep together under the same bedclothes.

Victoria's youngest daughter is just turned thirteen, and her first name is Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore.

Five New-York ladies are declared to have sailed for Paris, by the last steamer, to have their faces enamelled.

Brigham Young paid seventy-five dollars to take his family to a circus, the other day, and only took part of the children at that.

"Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?" "No, sah; but I've seen um kill mice."

The following sentence contains all the letters in the alphabet: "John quickly extemporized five tow bags."

Maclise, the artist, was worth two hundred thousand dollars.

A Georgia town is so healthy, it is going to cut up its cemetery into building-lots.

The dearest place on earth—the Adirondacks.

The bouquets thrown to Patti at her last Paris appearance filled eight carriages.

The Museum.

IN number sixty-seven of the JOURNAL our Museum illustration consisted of an ideal view of the geological period known as the Devonian. Following this era came that which is known as the Carboniferous Period. It is in the formations of this period that we find the coal, which has done so much to enrich and civilize the world in our own age. This period divides itself into two great sub-periods: first, the Carboniferous Limestone, and, second, the Coal Measures. The coal measures were illustrated and described in the JOURNAL for April 2d. The limestone mountains, which form the base of the coal system, attain in places a thickness of two thousand five hundred feet. They are of marine origin, as is apparent by the multitude of fossils they contain, of zoophytes, radiata, cephalopods, and fishes. But the chief characteristic of this epoch is that here, for the first time, we find traces of a strictly terrestrial plan; remains of plants now become as common as they were rare in all previous formations, announcing a great increase of dry land. It became, indeed, the paradise of vegetation; under a warm and humid temperature, ferns and other similar plants attained a gigantic growth. The seas of this epoch included an immense number of zoophytes, nearly four hundred species of mollusks, and a few crustaceans and fishes. Our illustration is a representation of an ideal aquarium, in which some of the more prominent species which inhabited the seas during the period of the carboniferous limestone are represented. On the right is a tribe of polyps, with reflections of dazzling white; the species represented are, nearest the edge, the *Lamocyathus*, the *Chatetes*, and the *Plytopora*. The mollusk which occupies the extremity of the elongated and conical tube in the shape of a sabre is an *Aploceras*. It seems to prepare the way for the ammonite; for if this elongated shell were coiled round itself it would resemble the ammonite and nautilus. In the centre of the first plane we have *Bellerophon hiuleus*, the *Nautilus Koninckii*, and a *Productus*, with the

numerous spines which surround the shell. On the left are other polyps; the *Chonodes* spread out at the surface, and furnished with small spines; and the *Cyathophyllum*, with straight cylindrical stems; some encrinites (*Cyathocrinus* and *Platycrinus*) wound round the trunk

of a tree, or with their flexible stem floating in the water. Some fishes, *Amblypterus*, move about among these creatures, the greater number of which are immovably attached, like plants, to the rock on which they grow. In addition, this engraving shows us a series of

islets rising above a tranquil sea. One of these is occupied by a forest, in which a distant view is presented of the general forms of the grand vegetation of the period. The rocks of this era consist essentially of a compact limestone, of a grayish-blue and even black color.



Illustrations of Geology.—Ideal View of Marine Life in the Carboniferous Period.

CONTENTS OF NO. 69, JULY 23, 1870.

	PAGE		PAGE
"FORBIDDEN FRUIT." (Illustration.)	93	SOUTHERN SKETCHES: III. (Illustrated.) By J. R. Thompson	100
SNOW AND CHEESE. By J. T. Boutelle	94	IN THE PORCH. By Edward Renaud	110
A VISIT TO HENRI ROCHEFORT. By Lawrence Southwood. (<i>Die Gartenlaube</i>)	96	A RARE WORK. By Professor Schele de Vere	110
THE THREE BROTHERS: Chapter XLVII. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Brownings," etc. (From advance-sheets.)	98	CAMPO BELLO. By W. W. Bailey	112
THE ROBBER'S LAMP. By William O. Stoddart	101	POTENTIAL LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS. By J. S. Ingram	112
HIGH WATER IN LOUISIANA. By Charles L. Norton	102	DISCOVERIES IN POMPEII	113
WHENCE COME METEORITES?	104	TABLE-TALK	114
A GLIMPSE OF WYOMING. (Illustrated.)	105	LITERARY NOTES	115
A DAY IN CANTON. By Walter A. Rose	106	SCIENTIFIC NOTES	115
STEEL ENGRAVING		MISCELLANY	116
		VARIETIES	119
		THE MUSEUM. (Illustrated.)	119
		"Indian Marauders."	

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS' SAPOLIO.

When Shakespeare made use of the expression, "Come, gentlemen, down with your soap—money is king!" he was inspired with one of those brilliant thoughts which stamped him as the greatest poet and genius of modern times. The idea conveyed in the quotation has been felicitously appropriated by leading financiers of the present day, and "soap" has almost become a synonyme for "cash." To be without soap is quite as dismal and dangerous as to be without money, and hence abject poverty is found only where people are entirely "out of soap."

Enoch Morgan's Sons, with a commendable desire to improve the normal condition of the human race, have been for many years employed in supplying the world with this necessary compound. But not content with what they have already accomplished, they have now produced an article which

IS BETTER

adapted to the wants of the world than even soap itself. This article is SAPOLIO. It combines all the qualities of an excellent soap with those of a scourer and polisher, and for all purposes except laundry use it is preferable to any other kind of soap. Its use secures economical advantages never before reached by any saponaceous compound. The endless variety of washing and cleaning in the kitchen and about the house—the saving of time and labor, together with the fact that for hand-washing it is superior to any other—give it a claim upon public favor which cannot be ignored. For scouring purposes it is better

AND CHEAPER

than any thing ever before used. Those who have given it a trial unanimously recommend it, and cannot be induced to be without it. It removes stains, grease-spots, rust, and mould, and, with so little rubbing as to make it a great labor-saving compound. In short, SAPOLIO may be safely claimed as the greatest blessing which modern invention has brought to the household. It recommends itself to all classes and conditions, and is afforded at a price which makes it more economical

THAN SOAP.

Wholesale at 211 Washington St., New York, and 30 Oxford St., London.

APPLETONS' JOURNAL,

VOL. III. (JANUARY to JULY, 1870),

Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt, price \$3.50,

IS NOW READY.

Volumes I. and II. of APPLETONS' JOURNAL, uniform with above, can also be obtained.

Binding Case for Volume III. also now ready.

In Cloth, gilt back and sides, price 75 cents.

Mailed, post-paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of price.

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers. New York.